

The Nation and The Athenæum

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE German Nationalists did not declare their hand till the last moment, but in the end the necessary majorities were obtained for the law implementing the Dawes plan. When the London Agreement was signed last Saturday, therefore, both the French and German Governments had obtained parliamentary authority to sign it, and the time-table laid down in it came into operation at once. It is far too early to prophesy how the Dawes plan, as modified in London, will work; but Germany, we believe, has done wisely to accept it. She is fairly adequately safeguarded by the terms of the Agreement against being held responsible and being visited with sanctions if the scheme breaks down for reasons for which she is not to blame; whereas she would have been almost universally blamed if, by rejecting the Agreement, she had put the clock back to the evil period which preceded the publication of the Dawes Report. It remains to be seen, however, what the domestic cost to the German people of the endorsement of the Agreement will be. The Nationalists seem to have driven a bargain of some kind with the Government, the exact nature of which is not known. We fear that we shall find before long that, in our anxiety not to weaken the forces of moderation in France by pressing M. Herriot too hard, we have strengthened the forces of reaction in Germany. It has been one of the worst features of the Allies' policy ever since the war that it has stunted the growth of the young German democracy.

* * *

Interest in the Russian Treaty has been stimulated during the past week by an exchange between Mr. Runciman and Mr. Ponsonby, an interview with Mr. Ponsonby in the "Manchester Guardian," a declaration by the Prime Minister, an onslaught by the Liberal Publication Department, and a growing feeling that it is bound to lead to a Parliamentary crisis. The part played by Mr. Lansbury and his colleagues in effecting the signature of the Treaty, after negotiations had been broken off, remains somewhat obscure; but it is now

fairly clear that there was nothing at all sinister in the incident. It would seem that the Government had already conceded the principle of guaranteeing a loan, and that the final modifications related merely to the form of words by which the Russians agreed to compensate the expropriated property-owners. The statements in Russian official organs that the British Government "capitulated," presumably on major issues, to the threats of the private members may be taken as having no further basis in fact than (what is probable *a priori*) that some of the private members used violent language. Whatever their language, if Mr. Ponsonby discovered through them that an agreement could be reached after all by the mere adjustment of a formula, it was only good sense for him to reopen negotiations. This, we say, is what seems to have happened; but Ministers would do well to give a far fuller and more candid account of the transaction than has yet been forthcoming from them, if the air is to be cleared from prejudice for the examination of the Treaty on its merits.

* * *

We publish this week a letter from Mr. Birch Crisp arguing that the ratification of the Treaty would be to the advantage of the bondholders and other British claimants. Undoubtedly it would be, assuming that the guaranteed loan eventually materializes. We agree, so far as this side of the matter is concerned, that it is absurd to stand out on the ground that the Russians must first recognize their obligations in principle, when no one expects them to pay in full. We are not, therefore, surprised that many bondholders and other claimants favour the Treaty; and it is only right that this fact, which has been very much obscured in the Press, should be widely known. But the price of the partial satisfaction of British creditors is the guaranteed loan; and this, as Mr. Crisp admits, is a matter "upon which the whole nation may express views." We object to the guaranteed loan, and should object none the less if the Soviet delegates were to recite an insincere formula that they recognized their obligations in principle.

We can recall only one previous instance of a guaranteed loan to a foreign Government unaccompanied by financial control. This was the Turkish 4 per cent. loan of £5 millions, guaranteed (as to interest only) by the British and French Governments after the Crimean War. As in the present instance, the guarantee was prompted by diplomatic motives, the object being to bolster up Turkey in Constantinople as a bulwark against Russia. The precedent is not a happy one. The British and French Governments are still paying the interest on the greater part of the bonds. We have no desire to exaggerate the bad faith of the Russian Government; but Ministers themselves do not pretend to any confidence in its good faith. Throughout their statements there runs, however, the curious idea that though the Russian Government may be financially untrustworthy at the moment, its character will at once be rehabilitated if it comes to an arrangement with its creditors under the Treaty. This is obviously absurd, since the more cynical the Russians are about meeting the new loan, the less reason have they to boggle over devoting part of it to satisfying their present creditors. Sir Henry Slesser, in defending the Treaty this week, is reported to have used the following words: "As to the individual trader, I take it that if he is a sensible man he will refuse in any event to trade with Russia unless he gets satisfactory security." Apparently the Solicitor-General sees nothing unreasonable in compelling the British taxpayer to take risks which it would not be "sensible" for the individual trader to undertake.

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Sir Henry Slesser's main argument was that "the present agreement really does not commit England to anything whatever." In a sense this is true. Parliament might ratify the Treaty and yet reject any guaranteed loan that might later be proposed under it. But will Sir Henry maintain that it would be honourable for Parliament to ratify the Treaty in its present form, if it has no intention of permitting a loan to be guaranteed? Indeed, if he is right, what purpose is served by the inclusion of the financial chapter in the Treaty? Admittedly it defines nothing; neither the amount nor the form of the compensation, nor the amount nor the conditions of the loan. All it does is to assert the unsound principle that compensation and a guaranteed loan must be linked together. Why, then, should not Parliament delete the financial chapter while passing the remainder of the Treaty? This would seem a reasonable course to pursue, especially as Mr. MacDonald has stated that Parliament will be free to amend the Treaty. Unfortunately, it is to be feared that to the Soviet delegates the promise of a guaranteed loan is the pivot of the whole agreement.

* * *

A further crisis has developed in the Punjab in what seems to be the almost insoluble problem of the Sikh shrines. More than four years ago a sanguinary conflict took place at Nankhana Sahib, the presiding priest (mahan) of which place employed mercenaries to shoot down the Akali Sikhs who were attempting to eject him. The priest was tried and imprisoned. His trustees have since been attempting to regain control of the temple and its lands by process of law, and recently a receiver was appointed to take charge. He cannot do so without force, since the Akalis, backed up by the central Sikh Committee, refuse to vacate the shrine. The Governor, Sir Malcolm Hailey, has stated that the Punjab Government must enforce the right of the receiver to take possession and administer the property.

During the past week the Akali demonstration has been preparing a grand offensive, so that everything would appear to be in train for an even fiercer conflict than those, at Jaito and elsewhere, by which feeling during the past two or three years has been worked up to an unexampled pitch of excitement. Sir Malcolm Hailey began well a few months ago. It is essential that he should realize that nothing in India could be more fatal than the intensification among the Sikh community of the belief that the British Government is using its power to prevent the reform of their religious establishment.

* * *

We publish this week the first of a series of letters from Geneva in which Professor C. K. Webster will describe the work of the Fifth Assembly. It is clear that, despite the rejection of the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance, the question of security will be the dominating issue in the mind of the Assembly. The fate of the Draft Treaty has left the field open to alternative plans, and we observe that Mr. MacDonald has disclosed to a "Daily Express" interviewer his own preference for Lord Esher's scheme of 1922. Another Draft Treaty has been submitted to the Secretariat of the League by an influential American group, headed by General Tasker Howard Bliss. This is a carefully thought-out document, the authors of which have endeavoured to avoid the chief objections urged against the Treaty of Mutual Assistance; but it is likely to founder on the clause making all action contingent on a declaration by the Permanent Court of International Justice that an act of aggression has been committed. The object of this clause is clearly to render possible the adhesion of the United States to the Treaty without involving membership of the League; but, while the Court is admirably constituted to deal with justiciable disputes, no purely legal body, however eminent, can be regarded as capable of fulfilling the duties here assigned to it. This appears, indeed, to be recognized to some extent by the authors of the scheme themselves, since they leave to the Council of the League the decision as to whether the military preparations of any Power constitute "a menace of aggression."

* * *

The Danish Government proposes to give a very practical lead on the question of disarmament, by diminishing its army and reducing its navy to a mere customs and fisheries police force. It has long been obvious that the armaments of some of the smaller States represented a financial drain for which little or no return in the way of security was received: the real guarantee of their safety was the interest of the Great Powers in maintaining, as against each other, the independence and territorial integrity of the smaller States. The matter is not, however, one that concerns Denmark alone. She proposes to rely on the League of Nations for the maintenance of her independence and rights, and in view of the obligations undertaken and proposed to be undertaken by members of the League, unilateral disarmament by any signatory Power must add to the responsibilities of all the rest. The action of Denmark should, at least, give an impetus to the discussion, on a collective basis, of the twin problems of disarmament and security.

* * *

It will be remembered that Mr. Morris, the manufacturer of the well-known light cars, was one of the doughtiest champions of the McKenna Duties. The prices of the cars made by his firm have just been considerably reduced, and Mr. Morris has been at pains to explain that the reduction "has in no way been

assisted by the removal of the McKenna Duties." In fact, he says that if the Duties had been retained prices would have been lower still, for the output would have been considerably larger. He admits, however, that "the present prices at which Morris cars are offered is a direct reply to the menace of foreign competition," and that "during the last three months we have been straining every nerve to reduce production costs." We cannot, of course, disprove Mr. Morris's assertion that his cars would have been cheaper still, and that he would have been employing "thousands" more workmen, if his industry were still a protected one. But Free Traders—and also, we suspect, the purchasers of Mr. Morris's cars—will be well content with the results of Mr. Snowden's policy as admitted by Mr. Morris. His cars have been made cheaper "as a direct reply to the menace of foreign competition," and in consequence of the strenuous and successful efforts to reduce the costs of production which he has made since it became known that the Duties were to go.

* * *

The Trade Union Congress has inevitably lost in interest and importance owing to the rapid development of the political side of the Labour movement, which has its own annual gathering in the Labour Party Conference. The Congress would only have wasted time if it had attempted to cover the ground which the Conference is sure to cover next month. Nevertheless, the Congress might reasonably have been expected to respond in some way to the fact that a Government created by the trade union movement was for the first time in office, and to show some signs that it realized that the responsibilities and potentialities of the movement had thus been immensely increased. Mr. Purcell, however, struck a very different note in his presidential address. "A well-disciplined industrial organization," he said, "is the principal weapon to strike with," and "as surely as we lift our gaze from the workshop to gaze entirely at Parliament do we dissipate our strength in the very places where Capitalism for eight, nine, and ten hours every day hits us hardest and hurts us most." His speech as a whole must have been melancholy reading for those who look to the Labour movement for constructive ideas; for he contrived to reduce practically every political topic he touched upon, including the Dawes scheme and the problem of Indian Home Rule, to the terms of a scuffle between employers and employed.

* * *

There have been many recent signs that the Labour Government is being watched with increasing disillusionment by the rank and file, and especially by the "intellectuals" among the rank and file, of its supporters. The nature of this disillusionment and the reasons for it have been given clear expression in an article which Mr. W. J. Brown, secretary of the Civil Service Clerical Association, has written for the official journal of that body. He has twice been a Labour candidate for Parliament. He says that the "generous faith and enthusiasm of the membership of the Party" are being dissipated. "Youth," he remarks, "is sick and puzzled when it hears Mr. MacDonald talking about the levy in terms almost indistinguishable from Mr. Baldwin," and "finds it difficult to swallow" Mr. Snowden's speeches at bankers' dinners and "his declarations (in the same vein as Sir Robert Horne's) on the need for

economy in the public service and the desirability of reducing income tax." "Youth," moreover, "notes the emphasis on the word Labour and the dropping of the word Socialist, and youth—Socialist youth—is saying very bitter things in private." The Government, according to Mr. Brown, has in most respects been "much the same as any other Government." The Labour Ministers have not even set themselves a higher standard of political morality. Their standard is not lower than that of their predecessors, but "it is not enough for the elect to be no better than the unregenerate."

* * *

Mr. Brown is certainly expressing the feelings of quite a large number of the more ingenuous enthusiasts of the Labour Party, and it is quite possible that the Party will soon begin to feel the effects of their resentment. In part, the Government is to blame for its creation, for its policy has been humdrum and uninspired to a quite unnecessary degree. But in the main the enthusiasts are to blame for the zeal with which they have deceived themselves in the past. There never was anything but disappointment ahead, even if Labour achieved a parliamentary majority before taking office, for the people who mistook every Labour goose for a swan, and who really thought that the party leaders had ready-made plans for the creation of a new heaven and a new earth. Perhaps the most revealing note of all in Mr. Brown's lament is where he complains that "the elect" have turned out to be no better than "the unregenerate." It used to be believed, he tells us, "that Labour politicians were not as other politicians." The turn of this sentence should convey to "Labour politicians" a somewhat different warning from that intended by Mr. Brown. We have the highest authority for distrusting those who publicly give thanks that they are not as other men are.

* * *

Our Irish Correspondent writes: "Dublin has worn a slightly uneasy air for the last few days, and there has been a revival of activity by armed troops, which had previously ceased. It is rumoured that substantial cause for this is to be found in a fresh discovery of leakage of arms and ammunition from Free State barracks, but whether this is correct or not I am not in a position to say. It is unfortunate that a definite state of peace cannot be arrived at. The shooting of a man returning from the recent de Valera meeting at Ennis has come as a shock to thinking people, because it reveals the fact that armed soldiers are still being employed on police duty, which seems to be unconstitutional unless a state of war exists. If it is held by the authorities that a state of war does still exist, it is hard to say what conditions would be held to put an end to it, and it is distinctly unpleasant to feel that an innocent traveller may at any moment be subject to armed challenge with the risks which are inevitable in such cases. The position, both of Republicans and of the more militant members of the Tobin group, remains obscure, as also does that of the ex-generals. Meanwhile, the Orange brethren have developed a very pugnacious attitude, and the recent meeting at Newry can hardly be regarded as anything but a deliberate act of provocation. It is to be hoped that it will not arouse a response in kind, but I notice a rumour that Mr. de Valera, not recognizing the existence of a Boundary, proposes to address his constituents in Londonderry and Tyrone. The possibilities of such action are very hard to forecast, but they would certainly be unpleasant."

H. W. M.

THERE is a sense in which it seems superfluous to try to interpret Massingham, for he spent his life in making himself known. For some forty years he wrote day by day and week by week, and if a writer's influence is measured by the fascination he casts even over minds that habitually reject his premises, his arguments, and his conclusions, Massingham was undoubtedly the most striking and attractive figure in his world. At the end of his life he said to a friend with a shadow of regret in his voice that he had given everything to journalism. It was true. Few men have had his talents to give, and few men who had them would have given them with so whole a heart. That he was the most brilliant and versatile of journalists; that he could bring colour into the dreariest scene in politics; that even when his mood was tired or dismal, he could put life and force into fatigue and despair; that he possessed, whether he was producing a leader or a paragraph, the secret of a perfect ease and harmony that seemed to owe nothing to artifice; that his style scarcely ever flagged or stumbled; that his sense for structure, sequence, phrase, turn, and rhythm in writing was quick and sure: these are propositions that would be questioned by few who read his articles, by none who ever worked beside him. His less fortunate colleagues would admire and envy the variety and grace in which he could clothe the most unpromising and monotonous material with a few sudden touches of his sensitive pen.

Mr. Vaughan Nash once said of him to a friend that he was a dramatic critic who had turned to politics for his theatre. It was an apt description, and it gives the clue to his success and his deficiencies. Massingham's interest in politics was never political. It was the interest of a mind that liked to follow the play of character, the changes of taste, the progress of manners, the vagaries of reason, the conflicts of passion, whether politics or religion or art or history or literature supplied the stage. This dramatic sense gave zest, vivacity, atmosphere, and movement to all his writing. He wrote incessantly, everywhere, for every audience, on every subject, but few men have written so little that was banal or halting or sententious. But this quality had its drawbacks. The acting on the stage of politics he was apt to find slow and lifeless: he demanded incident, crisis, brilliant scenes, great impersonations. Events were sometimes given a false perspective: characters a false importance. Massingham, who was more ready than most people to laugh at himself, joined in the general amusement that was provoked by his notorious faculty for finding and losing heroes. He looked back on a long sequence of infatuations with a kind of indulgent humour, but the habit was too strong for him, and he could not break it. When disenchantment came, he showed no sentimental tenderness to the fallen idol, and politicians learnt to pity the hero of one hour as the inevitable victim of the next.

For Massingham, in one sense so personal in his treatment of politics, was in another sense extremely impersonal. Some writers like to hold aloof from political society because they find some discomfort in blaming fiercely men whom they met yesterday and will meet to-morrow. Massingham was just as free and outspoken in criticizing public men with whom he was in constant touch as he was in criticizing public men whom he never saw, and that without the slightest effort. This was part of his temperament. It sometimes looked as if he stood to everything, including his life, his feelings, his friendships, in the same relation of detached critic and observer. For he was never intimate. Acquaintances who had met

him once or twice thought he was an easy man to know: those who saw more of him realized that they would never know him. Superficially the most expansive and transparent of men, he guarded his life and his feelings as jealously as a hermit. He was like a very delightful and friendly French host who invites you with the most confiding manner into his front hall and never takes you further. To no man was Bacon's phrase *particeps curarum* less applicable. Witty and charming in society, where he carried with him a certain subtle and delicate distinction, he seemed deliberately to keep his life on the surface. He seemed to throw all the buoyancy and spirit he could into his outward relations in the hope that the world would never ask him for anything more intimate or revealing. For behind the front he showed to the world, laughing, bantering, welcoming, affectionate, like a man without a secret or a care, he nursed an impenetrable isolation.

Some of his friends think that he was happier as editor of the "Chronicle" than as editor of THE NATION. In one sense this is probably true. He liked to write and print on the instant, and press day, which comes too soon for most editors, never came soon enough for his impatience. He enjoyed the sally of a friend who said that to give full scope to the vigour and rapidity of his mind and his mood he ought to edit at once a morning and an evening paper. A weekly review was too deliberate for his taste. Yet THE NATION, which was his creation if ever any paper was made by a single mind, revealed the range and depth of his powers. He gave it everything: his rich and various interest in life, his serious culture, his artistic sense and taste, his wide knowledge of literature, his sparkling wit, and the most accomplished pen that ever used its pages. His judgment was too much the servant of his impressions, but he welcomed discussion, and his impulsive disposition disclosed unsuspected reserves of wisdom and caution as an argument developed. Very often he said little himself, and the debate would close without any definite conclusion, but its effect was apparent when his article appeared. For Massingham had a singularly honest mind, and he was open to conviction even when his prejudice was violently engaged. The untimely death of Richard Cross deprived him of the counsellor who was perhaps best able to bring a steady influence on his rather tempestuous emotions. If his political judgment was uncertain, if his patience was not always equal to the wearing strain of events, which drag on their contrary course however sharply they are blamed, he possessed on the other hand in a remarkable degree the qualities that help to make a great editor. It was not merely that he was in the fullest sense of the words honourable, fearless, and sincere, and that his valiant love of justice never faltered. A man with high and scrupulous standards, a critic careless of praise or scorn when once his course was clear, a writer who held that no theme was so trivial as to excuse the cheap or slipshod phrase, he was a journalist to make journalists think proudly and nobly of their craft. He possessed qualities still more uncommon. His candid nature was unclouded by any sense of self-importance; any desire for personal recognition; any trace of jealousy; any of the malignant moods that are apt to cast their petty shadows from time to time over generous minds. Gibbon's resounding praise of Fox will come into the memory of all who saw him in that difficult and vexing life behind the scenes which puts a man's character to the sternest test: "No human being was ever more free from the taint of malevolence, vanity, or falsehood."

J. L. HAMMOND.

THE PRESENT STATE OF ENGLISH AGRICULTURE.

(FROM AN AGRICULTURAL CORRESPONDENT.)

AN intelligent traveller who was motoring just now through any of the agricultural counties after an absence, let us say, of eighteen months, and who recalled to himself some of the things that were being said about the state of English agriculture when he was last in England, might feel at first an agreeable surprise. Everywhere he would find the appearance of a plentiful harvest, held back indeed, and perhaps damaged, by a spell of exceptionally bad weather, but still promising an excellent yield, if only it can be safely got in. Already in some parts he would see the ploughs at work, and if he happened to be driving through a tract of "Down" country he might still observe, even on those light lands, the familiar shape of horse-plough and man blocked out in black against the sky. As he passed along some village street his car might still be held up, as it had so often been before, by one of those long processions of leisurely and contented cows that wend their slow way to the pastures from the neighbouring homestead. And if he happened to come across any of the farmers who are responsible for the continuance of these activities he would find but little change in their talk. English agriculture, our intelligent observer would say to himself, is still apparently being carried on pretty much as usual. The black disasters that were predicted so confidently two years ago do not seem to have made much difference. Is it possible, after all, that they were averted? He might even begin to wonder if his memory of the predictions was correct.

But if, on returning to his club, he took the trouble to consult the files of the "Times," he would see that the predictions were no less gloomy than he had supposed. All through the autumn of 1922 and most of last year he would read reports of severe depression. And if by any chance in the course of his researches he were to come across the account of the great deputation from the Farmers' and Labourers' Unions that waited upon the Prime Minister of the day in March of last year, he would find in it the climax of lamentation and woe.

It is depressing even now to read the descriptions that were given by these gentlemen only eighteen months ago of the declining state of English agriculture and "the certainty" of its further decline unless Government help were immediately given. On all but the most fertile lands arable cultivation, they said, would cease, and there would be a reversion to what is known as "ranch farming"; but on the light lands, now under the plough, which were not suitable for laying down to grass, it was probable that all cultivation would come to an end. Such lands would become derelict, to be converted into game preserves, while their present occupiers would pass out of the industry *via* the Bankruptcy Court or otherwise. There was the certainty (so we were told) of a deplorable addition to the number of unemployed agricultural workers, of a decline of wages "to a figure which we hesitate to forecast," and of an "enormous increase in the already rising numbers of agricultural bankruptcies." And these disasters, it was said, were not coming gradually; they were coming swiftly and inevitably. In the black 'eighties, which have become for English farmers the proverbial age of

gloom, a situation similar to that of last year developed slowly, but the present situation (so we were then told) was developing "very rapidly." It was a prospect which the leaders both of the Farmers' and the Labourers' Unions regarded very naturally "with dismay," but by themselves they said they were powerless to avert it

The reply made by Mr. Bonar Law to this lamentable tale was almost brutal in its frankness. He did not dispute the accuracy of the forecast. It would be absurd, as he said, to do so. The prophets, like Balaam, were all men of wide experience. They knew, presumably, what they were talking about. They had prepared this deputation with care and industry. They had weighed their words. Their right to speak was undeniable. But on the main point Mr. Bonar Law was obdurate. The Government could do nothing that would be likely to help them to any substantial degree. Only two remedies, in his opinion, would be of any use—Protection or subsidies—and public opinion would have neither. Therefore the Government could do nothing. Agriculture must remain a self-supporting industry. That, at least, was Mr. Bonar Law's view, a view which, as we know, was also accepted by the electorate a few months afterwards.

To what conclusion, then, will our intelligent traveller be likely to come? Will he assume that these eminent agriculturists were mistaken and that "the certainty" of which they spoke was not a certainty at all? Or will he more modestly believe that the signs of activity which he had seen on his tour were misleading, and that under a disguise of apparently fair health English agriculture is still in a state of mortal decay?

It seems clear that there has been considerable exaggeration, and that if no question of subsidies or Protection had ever arisen, some of the things that have been said about the present state of our farming industry might have been expressed quite differently. But it would be a mistake to suppose that there is no such thing as agricultural poverty and that the land question may now be left severely alone. All the experience of the last fifty years—ever since those black 'eighties and 'nineties—seems to make it plain that the industry is not in a satisfactory state. The reports of the Linlithgow Committee and the final report of the Agricultural Tribunal make it even plainer. A few farmers, no doubt, are doing fairly well, especially those who are known as farmer-dealers, or those other fortunate men who are the owners of successful breeds of pedigree stock. But amongst the great mass of farmers there is a steady and prevailing depression. The land is not producing what it might produce, nor even what it produced fifty years ago. While the productivity of other countries has been enormously increased, the productivity of our own has been diminished. The profits made by the farmer, considering the capital invested and the technical skill required, are small and precarious. The wages paid to the labourer are for the most part miserably inadequate. These facts are not denied by any serious student of the subject. But as to the exact causes that have produced them, and the remedies that are necessary, there is still great divergence. It is time that more attention was given to the matter and a comprehensive policy set out. With the sudden growth of the Labour Party the land question is bound to become important. It is for those who direct Liberal policy to make up their minds also on a reasonable and far-reaching scheme of agricultural reform.

**"THE DAILY BLACKMAIL":
HOW MUCH LONGER?**

BY NORMAN ANGELL.

THE "Mail" now beats its own record. Indeed, would one be much outside the mark in assuming that some over-zealous courtier of Carmelite House has been a good deal more Royalist than the Carmelite King would have quite approved had His Majesty been consulted? Here is the latest gem of stuntry.

For many months, it will be recalled, the "Mail" has been daily telling us, not only that three successive British Governments—Coalition, Tory, and Labour—have all been wrong about the economic re-establishment of Europe, but that the American Government, the present French Government, the Belgian Government, the Italian Government also, have been equally wrong in the policy which they have been so patiently and painfully elaborating these last six months. And not merely that these Governments are wrong, and the majority of the British people, the American people, the French people, but that practically the whole of the bankers of America and Britain are all wrong too. For they have taken the view that if the international trade upon which the life of Britain depends is to be re-established with vigour and stability, we must get rid of the canker in Central Europe. The monetary collapse, the disintegration which have underlain all the uncertainties and lack of confidence of the last few years, must finally be cleared up, and trade and finance put upon some sound and calculable basis, if we are to get any real economic restoration. This, the "Mail" has been arguing, is all wrong. The more chaos we can create in Central Europe, the better. To give Germany a sound currency, to start the normal channels of trade, will, it has been screaming, be disastrous to us. The "Mail," of course, is a believer in the curious economic doctrine according to which the more that foreigners are impoverished, the larger will our foreign trade become. And so it is very angry about this loan to Germany which (humorously enough in the circumstances) is the price we have to pay for French acquiescence in a policy of appeasement and restoration. Its anger may well have been sharpened by the fact that all these warnings which it has uttered during these last six months, all this stunting, have apparently had no effect whatever, either upon M. Herriot, Mr. MacDonald, the American co-operators in the plan, or the financiers. And so it is going in for direct action. It announces that it will start a form of blackmail which, hitherto, has been unknown in British journalism, although not unknown in a baser sort of Continental journalism. Henceforth, any banker, broker, underwriter, Stock Exchange house, which not merely does not share the very peculiar political opinions of the "Daily Mail," but will not guide its ordinary business transactions thereby, is going to be put upon an *index expurgatorius*. The paper announces editorially that

"The 'Daily Mail' will publish the names and descriptions of the banks and Stock Exchange houses which receive subscriptions for this German 'loan' and furnish the public with information, so far as that can be done, as to the underwriters."

"Information" is good. One knows what "information" means to the "Daily Mail." A selected information, you understand. By revealing the damning fact that this or that broker or banker or underwriter had a second cousin whose wife once lived in Germany, the public will gather the impression that the business house concerned is in fact a mere German agent, an

institution with which no patriotic Briton should on any account do business. In fact this exploitation of "patriotism" has already begun. Listen to this, as postscript to the announcement that the "index" above described will be printed:—

"And if the public thinks, as it will, that this whole business of subventioning German commercial exploitation is discreditable, and even dishonourable, it may express its feelings with emphasis. The bankers, brokers, and financiers who derive their profits from British industry have no right to help in weakening and injuring it."

So be it. Just let us see what it means. A banker or broker who, as such, does his duty to his client, has certainly no right to import his political opinions into his business. The political results of this loan may be all that the gentlemen at Carmelite House seem to think, although the Prime Ministers of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, and the bankers and Governments of these countries and America generally happen to think otherwise. To put it at its lowest, we will say that this is a matter upon which opinion is certainly divided. The very last thing which a conscientious banker or broker should do therefore is to allow that political opinion to influence the management of business or lead him to refuse to execute clients' instructions. But these very elementary and very indispensable principles of business do not concern "The Daily Blackmail." Any house or banker or broker that does not guide its business on the instructions of the "Mail" shall know the power of million-a-day circulations. It shall be put on the index. For adhering to the soundest, most approved, and indeed the only possible business practice, and for refusing weakly to be bullied out of it at Lord Rothermere's behest, it shall suffer the damage of as much boycott as his sensational and unscrupulous Press can engineer.

Well, what has the business world to say to it—to this new reading of the "Power of the Press in Business"? Will the City lamely watch this victimization of upright business men in order to satisfy the political rancours of one violent-minded newspaper proprietor—rancours which, incidentally, the country as a whole certainly does not share, and which belong now only to its least-informed minority—who to satisfy those rancours has done his best to wreck the diplomacy of every Government the country has had in recent years?

Will the City really take it lying down?

**THE FIFTH ASSEMBLY:
ARMS AND THE MEN.**

GENEVA, TUESDAY.

THREE is no Corfu crisis this year hanging like a cloud over the Assembly. It is thus free to devote its energies to constructive work: and there seems to be at the outset a spirit of activity and hope more ardent and sincere than at any previous meeting. Public opinion in Europe has moved noticeably to the Left during the last twelve months. The Governments of France and Britain are pledged to the hilt to support the League to their utmost. The effect has been felt in many other States, who have sent their most distinguished representatives of liberal thought to represent them at what some have imagined may be a meeting fraught with the happiest results for the welfare of mankind.

By common consent, at any rate, a new impulse has been given to the League in France. This year M. Bourgeois has at his side, not M. Hanotaux, a cynical

historian, but MM. Briand and Boncour, who represent a France that has always been there, but veiled from our eyes by passion and suffering. That Loucheur, Sarraut, and De Jouvenel are also on the list shows that the Centre is with them, while their technical representatives are men of the highest ability and experience. Even the head of the Foreign Office is reported to be coming with M. Herriot, who will receive a great reception.

The British Delegation cannot compare in knowledge or ability with this galaxy of talent. With the exception of Professor Gilbert Murray its political representatives are neophytes in diplomacy. Its technical staff is also far too small for the work to be done. Nevertheless, much is hoped from the new Government, whose sincerity and devotion cannot be questioned. When the Prime Minister arrives with the laurels of the London Conference fresh on his brow, he will find an expectant and sympathetic audience, but one which will judge him by the practical character of his contributions to these important debates. Mere gestures and negations will sensibly lower both his prestige and that of his country. It may be added that no one expects Sir Eyre Crowe to appear on the scene.

There is one subject of supreme importance on which all conversation turns—the problem of armaments. The comments of the Governments on the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance have thrown the whole question into the melting-pot. New schemes are appearing on every side, emphasizing this or that aspect of a problem which is as complicated as it is important. No one of course, except a few old ladies, expects it to be solved in this Assembly. If that could be done the League of Nations would have almost accomplished its task of securing the Peace of the World. But it is hoped that the discussions and suggestions that will ensue will mark a definite stage, both in ridding the world of the curse of armaments and in inducing States to look to the League for protection, rather than to their own unaided strength and the illusory defences of partial alliances.

The Treaty of Mutual Assistance is still the only scheme which represents any considerable body of opinion. There are those who imagine that the new French Government will accept disarmament schemes without some guarantee of security, but they are likely to receive a rude shock. Nevertheless, it is obvious that parts of the Treaty cannot ever hope for acceptance. What is to take its place?

The American scheme, sponsored by General Bliss and Professor Shotwell, has attracted much attention not only because of its own merits, but because of its origin. If the League cannot move the United States any more than the moon the earth, it can at least produce tidal phenomena. This is one of them, and it should prove powerful and cleansing. In its original form, indeed, their scheme smacked a little of the student rather than the statesman, and betrayed some ignorance of the knowledge which has been accumulated by the previous debates at Geneva. But its authors have already altered it in the light of criticisms here. They stress now especially the idea of obligatory arbitration, which has often been urged before by representatives of small States, and to which, it appears, public opinion in the greater States is gradually becoming reconciled. The Americans stress the functions of the Court as arbitrator, but it can scarcely assume such functions. If such ideas are linked to an enhancement of the power of the Council they may assume a position of great importance.

The Germans have also made some excellent suggestions in their reply to the League, while it is

confidently expected that M. Benes will add to the reputation which he won here last year and in his place on the Council, by advocating bold schemes either in the name of his own country or in that of the Little Entente as a whole.

The situation is obviously a very open one, and it would be a bold man who could prophesy the result. Perhaps the best that can be desired is a frank and even violent exchange of opinions, and the reference to an improved and enlarged Temporary Mixed Commission on Armaments of these interesting ideas. But it may be that some general principles can be formulated acceptable to all parties. There is a great opportunity for constructive statesmanship. Although Viscount Cecil is not here, perhaps M. Henri de Jouvenel will be able to find someone in the British Delegation to share with France the burden and honour of finding a path of compromise.

It is not yet known who will speak for Britain on the question of armaments. The Delegation is unfortunately lacking in an obvious personality. No doubt the Prime Minister will devote himself to the subject, but the problem is one to be solved more by steady and persistent endeavour than by a few speeches, however full of goodwill. I have not heard anyone approve the idea of a special Conference, which the Prime Minister has adumbrated, probably without much consideration. At any rate, it is for the League to work out the problem first.

It is to be hoped that Mrs. Swanwick will be given an opportunity to voice the views which she urged so ably in your columns recently. They are not likely to be approved by anyone who has studied the problem, but they represent a point of view which should certainly find expression, so that other countries may realize its strength and sincerity.

C. K. WEBSTER.

LIFE AND POLITICS

WITH the London Agreement signed, Mr. MacDonald and M. Herriot have gone to Geneva to give their joint blessing to the League of Nations, which, if the Agreement has reality, should emerge from the shadow in which it has hitherto maintained a doubtful and tolerated existence. In setting the example of the personal attendance of the Prime Minister at the Assembly, Mr. MacDonald has added incalculably to the prestige of the League, and the importance of his action is evidenced by the promptness with which the Premiers of other countries have followed his lead. Before leaving for Geneva he made a declaration to the Press in favour of arbitration as the key to the problem of European security, and it may be assumed that this means that he will be prepared in the name of this country to give the lead in the fullest submission of our international controversies to arbitration. That is the highest contribution we can make to the establishment of real confidence and security in Europe.

* * *

The first Trade Union Congress held since Labour came into power might have been expected to produce an utterance worthy of so memorable an occasion. That expectation was not fulfilled by the curiously petty and inadequate opening address of Mr. Purcell. It was conceived in the most commonplace tub-thumping vein, and, so far from rejoicing in the new horizon that had opened

up to Labour as the instrument of national government, derided Parliament as the place " where Capitalism for eight, nine, and ten hours every day hit them hardest and hurt them most." This sort of crude stuff may pass at the street corner, but it strikes an absurd note from the chair of a responsible body like the Trade Union Congress, especially at a time when a Labour Government, largely composed of trade union leaders, is in power with a not unreasonable prospect of retaining office for a considerable time to come. Mr. Purcell's ill-digested remarks about Russia, which seemed to suggest that the Trade Union movement should ally itself with the Third International, found little support except from the small, but vociferous, Communist element. The general spirit of the references to the Soviet Government did not indicate that Mr. MacDonald would find a unanimous or enthusiastic support within the Labour Party for his Agreement with Moscow.

* * *

Three or four months ago, in connection with the abolition of the McKenna duties, the country was ringing with the doom of the motor-car industry. Foremost in the terrific propaganda against the abolition of the duties was Mr. W. R. Morris, the governing director of the great Oxford firm. I forget how many thousand more men his firm were expected to employ if the election last December had gone in favour of Protection, and how many thousand fewer men they were expected to employ if the McKenna duties were abolished. The election did not go in favour of Protection, and the McKenna duties have been abolished. Is the Morris firm extinguished? On the contrary, I gather from an interview which Mr. Morris has had this week with the " Daily Express " that his company is having a roaring time, that its output during the next twelve months will be more than one thousand cars a week, and that their manufacture will give employment to thousands of skilled men who are at present out of work. This tremendous increase of business is due to the reductions in the cost of the cars. Those reductions, Mr. Morris makes it clear, are a direct reply to the menace of foreign competition to which the removal of the McKenna duties subjected the industry. Mr. Morris has met that menace by increasing production, and consequently lowering the production costs, and by standardization which has reduced overhead charges. The result is cheaper cars for the public and increased trade for Mr. Morris. Not a bad result for a policy which was to have brought swift and irretrievable ruin to the motor-car industry. If Protection makes another fleeting electoral appearance I hope that Mr. Morris will have the fairness to tell the public a plain tale of what Free Trade has done for him. He ought to tell it, for what has been done in the motor industry can be done in other industries. In any case I hope the Free Trade organizations will compile a careful pamphlet from the prophecies of Mr. Morris and the subsequent achievements of his company.

* * *

The dispersal of the Stanton Harcourt estates this week is the most important recent example of the break-up of the historic family estates. Stanton Harcourt has been in the uninterrupted possession of the Harcourt family for eight centuries. The manor of Stanton passed into the possession of Robert de Harcourt in the twelfth century as a portion of the marriage settlement brought him by his wife Isabel de Camville. The manor house remained the home of the family until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when Lord Chancellor Harcourt bought the estate of Nuneham

Courtenay and began the present house there, using the stone from Stanton Harcourt for the structure. Nothing remains of the original house at Stanton Harcourt but the tower which Pope, a friend of Simon Harcourt, occupied while he was translating Homer, and the magnificent kitchen.

* * *

The sudden death of Mr. Massingham came without surprise to those of his friends who had seen much of him in recent days. In the place and circumstances of its occurrence it was the perfect end of that brilliant and romantic spirit. It was impossible to think of old age or the slow processes of decay in connection with so ardent and vivid a personality. He went through life like a flame, and the quenching of that flame leaves a certain sense of darkness and blankness behind. In the externals of his career he seemed the most wayward and uncertain of men, imperious and impatient, raising an idol only to destroy it, now exalting an old enemy to the skies, now thrusting an old friend into the bottomless pit; but behind all these apparently bewildering vagaries there was the constant glow of a mind afire with the love of beauty, with the passion for justice, and with the pursuit of the noblest vision of things. As a journalist there was none like him in the impetus of his attack, his sense of an occasion, and in the swift magical phrases that leapt from his pen in the feverish hurry of the spirit. He had contemplated writing his reminiscences, but I understand that he had only begun the task when death overtook him. It is a lamentable loss to literature. No such master of nervous, vivid English, probably, has ever died leaving no book behind him. He gave himself unreservedly to the utterance of the moment, and his spirit lives in the pages of the many journals to which he communicated the colour and passion of his pen.

* * *

The most disastrous cricket season of recent years has come to an unlamented close with the victory of Yorkshire in the county tournament. This is the third year in succession that the Northern team have carried off the honours of the season, and their superiority to their rivals has rarely been more decisive. The tour of the South Africans has been singularly disappointing, the team having had an uninterrupted tale of failure in the Test Matches, and having suffered many reverses at the hands of the counties. It is fair to them, however, to remember that the wet season has been especially unfortunate for batsmen who are accustomed to dry wickets, and for bowlers who are not trained to take full advantage of pitches so tricky and variable as those of this season have been. From the point of view of the finances of the game the year has been deplorable, for owing to the weather the attendances have been unprecedentedly low. A succession of seasons like the present would inevitably reduce many of the counties to bankruptcy, and in the light of recent experience the question of the covered wicket assumes a new aspect, for it is the after effect of rain in delaying play as much as the rain itself which tries the patience of spectators and leaves so many games to be played before a dismal array of empty benches.

* * *

A Montreal correspondent, writing *apropos* of the American reviewer who said that Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's recent book " reeks with cerebration," sends me a gem from a Canadian review which, speaking of certain passages in a book, said that they could not be read without " optical humidity."

A. G. G.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE RUSSIAN TREATY.

SIR.—The Anglo-Russian Treaty is much criticized in the Press, and prominent members of the Liberal Party advocate its rejection by Parliament. I am interested in the question both as a bondholder and creditor of former Russian banks and trading concerns. May I be permitted, therefore, in your columns to point out to others situated like myself the folly of applauding those who seek to deride the Treaty?

The Labour Government has created a precedent which should earn for it the gratitude of business men. For the first time within recent years the British Government has avowed its wish to adopt measures calculated to help British creditors to obtain satisfaction from their foreign debtors.

The outbreak of war necessarily cut off creditors here from their Continental clients: Government ordinances precluded the parties from pursuing a settlement of claims outstanding. The treaties negotiated between Great Britain and the new States of the Continent after the fighting ceased left creditors with claims against private traders unprovided for. Bondholders likewise were ignored, as witness the plight of holders of Turkish Bonds, or of the pre-war Budapest Loan quoted on the London market. Poland seized Vilna, and the holders of the Municipal Bonds are ignored. Latvia disregards the holders of Wolmar Railway and City of Riga Bonds.

Under Lords Grey and Curzon the Foreign Office did little to help British creditors, and the Foreign Office has, in regard to China, adopted an attitude which has cost the holders of the Marconi and Vickers Notes large sums. The Prime Minister and Mr. Ponsonby created a new departure. They asked all claimants against Russia to formulate their demands, and then urged the Russian delegates to confer with representatives of the parties. The Treaty is the outcome of long deliberation by persons directly interested in the subjects dealt with.

The criticism of the Treaty and of the policy of His Majesty's Government is advanced mainly by outsiders who are not bondholders nor creditors of Russia. One or two finance houses which had dealings with former Russian Governments denounce the Treaty. Their condemnation springs, however, from a conviction that the British Government should not treat with Moscow at all until the Continental Powers concerned with Russia had reached a common understanding. It was urged that until France, Belgium, and Holland had scheduled their claims against Russia and had determined what they would ask in settlement, no step should be taken by England. The creditors who desired to obtain satisfaction rejected that view and urged the Government to pursue the negotiations with the Russian delegates. The result is much less than many of us hoped for. It does, however, promise something, whereas a careful perusal of the speeches of objectors like Sir John Simon and Mr. Runciman, or the comments of City Editors of daily newspapers, reveals no plan which will help creditors. Nothing in the Treaty binds a bondholder to accept what the Russian Government contemplates offering in adjustment of debts which, in existing circumstances, cannot be paid in full.

When Mr. Lloyd George was Prime Minister his colleague, Mr. Winston Churchill, spent £100,000,000 of the taxpayers' money in an endeavour to solve the Russian problem. If the creditors of Russia had been consulted by Lord Curzon, who was the Foreign Secretary, they might have counselled other measures than those taken. On this occasion a different course has been pursued, and all the relevant facts will be available when Parliament reassembles.

The credit to be raised for Russia contemplated under the Treaty is obviously a matter upon which the whole nation may express views. Much opposition voiced so far appears to be based upon the assumption that a large risk is to be taken. When the actual proposals are submitted to Parliament, members may find that the sum to be guaranteed by the British Government is inconsiderable, and that the gain to the country as a whole will outweigh the risks involved.—Yours, &c.,

C. B. CRISP.

"THE PALESTINE PROBLEM."

SIR.—I shall be much obliged if you will permit me to call attention to a number of erroneous allegations that appear in your article on "The Palestine Problem," as well as to point out the mutual inconsistency of certain of your proposals for the future development of Palestine.

There is no Zionist régime in Palestine. It is true that Sir Herbert Samuel was appointed High Commissioner partly on account of his pro-Zionist sympathies, for it was essential that he should have that qualification if the most distinguishing feature of the Mandate—the creation of the Jewish National Home—was to become a reality; but that fact no more constitutes the administration of Palestine a Zionist régime than the Viceroyalty of Lord Reading converts the Government of India into a Jewish administration. Apart from the High Commissioner himself, *only one* of the thirty-five senior posts in the Palestine Administration is held by a Jew, whilst all the rest, in addition to the District Governorships, are held by British Christians. There is not the least evidence that the present régime is opposed by 90 per cent of the population. The opposition consists simply of a small but very clamant group, whose pretence to represent the Palestinian Arabs is strongly repudiated by the other parties. Moreover, during the last year the feeling of hostility towards British policy has considerably declined, there has been an increase of fraternization between Jews and Arabs, and the newly formed Peasant Party has adopted a resolution in favour of the Balfour Declaration.

It is true that the military forces in Palestine at present cost the British taxpayer £1,000,000 a year, but there is no ground for placing this charge entirely to the debit of Zionism. In the first place, those forces are part of the regular British Army, and if they were not employed in Palestine they would have to be kept and maintained elsewhere. Secondly, they are stationed in Palestine as much in the strategic interests of the British Empire as in support of the Mandate policy, and they will be retained there as long as the British Government wish to control the Suez Canal and to preserve uninterrupted communication through it with India, Australia, and the British possessions in the Far East. It is, therefore, inaccurate to speak of the position in Palestine as imposing upon the British taxpayer "an obligation in the interests of others." But even if the troops there were a specially raised force for the sole purpose of safeguarding the realization of Zionist aspirations, the British taxpayer could hardly regard it as a grievance to pay about a shilling per annum for the historic honour of assisting the Jewish people to resettle in their ancient land.

Your opposition to the proposed loan is strangely inconsistent with your support of the Balfour Declaration, for if this is to be carried out at all satisfactorily it is obviously necessary that the country should be furnished with a credit sufficient to wipe off part of its debts (incurred in the interest of its own development) as well as to defray the cost of the most urgent public works. The weight of expert opinion is against you on the question of the necessity of a port, whilst the rivalry between Jaffa and Haifa is a matter susceptible of adjustment. And if the British taxpayer was willing to guarantee part of a loan for Austria, in which he has no direct or personal interest, why should he be less willing to guarantee a loan for Palestine, in which he has a vital political interest?

Moreover, your advocacy of "a purely representative council," in which obviously the Arabs would be in the majority, is inconsistent with your desire to safeguard "the rights and legitimate aspirations of all." For what guarantee would the Jew have of the right to return to Palestine and to rebuild his National Home if the country were under a predominantly Arab Government? There is no analogy between the Mandate of Iraq and that of Palestine, as the former contains no stipulation for the creation of a National Home for a non-Arab people. The establishment of a Jewish National Home is a vital and cardinal feature of the Palestine Mandate, and as long as Great Britain holds the Mandate it is her business to see that the Government of Palestine is so constituted as to ensure that the terms of the Mandate are fully carried out.—Yours, &c., ISRAEL COHEN.

September 1st, 1924.

[We did not argue that fresh financial support must in no circumstances be given to Palestine. We argued that

before the proposed loan is guaranteed the British taxpayer has the right, and the British Parliament the duty, to review the present régime in Palestine, and, if dissatisfied, to insist on radical changes. Does Mr. Cohen think this unreasonable? Proposals for guaranteed loans to Governments of dubious credit are becoming dangerously common, and need, in our judgment, the most careful watching. For the rest, we can only repeat our opinion that the maintenance of the present régime in Palestine will lead to trouble, and that the Jews are most likely to realize their "legitimate aspirations" by reconciling them with the equally "legitimate aspirations" of the Arabs.—ED., THE NATION.]

THE PUNISHMENT FOR INFANTICIDE.

SIR,—Recently, through Colonel Woodwork, I asked the Home Secretary whether he would give the figures showing the number of women now confined in H.M. prisons under sentence of penal servitude for life (commuted death sentence) following conviction for infanticide; and whether, in view of the changes effected by the recent Criminal Justice Act, he would consider the reviewing of all cases, with a view to reduction of sentence. Mr. Henderson has replied stating that "only one woman is now in prison under a commuted death sentence for killing her newly born child," and goes on to state that she had previously been convicted for a similar offence.

I confess his answer amazes me, as hardly any assize in any large city or town, for many years past, has been without at least one case of this nature. Either, therefore, the present Home Secretary is a subject for hearty congratulation by humanitarians, in that he must have ordered the release of some scores of these unfortunates, or his statistics are the reverse of correct. In any case, he cannot have included the figures showing those detained in criminal lunatic asylums, since a kindly cruel verdict declared them "guilty but insane."

Far too few people trouble to follow a case once the prison doors have closed on the convict, and I trust, therefore, you will give this letter publicity with a view to more full and accurate information being obtained on this important matter.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN STEVENSON,
Barrister-at-Law.

Gray's Inn, W.C.1, August 31st, 1924.

THE ULSTER BOUNDARY.

SIR,—The difficulty in settling the boundary arises from the fact that it is impossible to fix a line of demarcation that will be satisfactory to both sides, unless something more is done than simply fixing a line. I therefore suggest that the present boundary should be maintained, subject to obvious improvements in detail in matters of convenience, and that those who in Ulster desire to be citizens of the Free State should move into that State, and that those in the Free State who desire to be citizens of the Ulster State should move into that State, taking the places of the Free Staters who have gone South.

The cost of these migrations would no doubt be great, but it would be much less than the cost of a war, and most of the Irish would then be able to live in the country of their choice. Suppose 20,000 families, numbering 100,000 persons, go South and the same number go North to take their places, and that the cost of moving each family averages £500, then the total cost would be £20,000,000. This seems a large figure, but it is really a trifle compared with the cost of enforcing the observance of a boundary line against the vehement wishes of some of the people. The British Government might give this money to the Irish, and so facilitate a friendly settlement. I should gladly pay my share of the tax involved.

It would be desirable, if not necessary, that approximately equal numbers should migrate each way. A Commission would have to supervise the details. It would take some years to complete the migrations. It might be necessary for one of the shipbuilding companies to open a branch yard in the Free State to accommodate their Catholic workmen.

By this arrangement Protestants, Catholics, Britishers, and Free Staters could each settle down amid congenial surroundings, and live free from fear of assassination, robbery, insult, and arson.—Yours, &c., ARNOLD LUFTON.

"AN APPEAL TO BRITISH FAIR PLAY."

SIR,—With reference to "An Appeal to British Fair Play," which was the subject of an article by Mr. Lowes Dickinson in your last issue, I append the reply which I have sent to Dr. Hermann Lutz.—Yours, &c.,

C. K. WEBSTER,

[COPY.]
Department of International Politics,
University College of Wales,
Aberystwyth.

August 20th, 1924.

DEAR SIR,—I have received the copy of the pamphlet "An Appeal to British Fair Play," for which I am much obliged. There are now few, who have studied the question, who remain of the opinion that Germany was solely responsible for the World War. The majority would agree, however, I think, that Germany, or those who had most influence on her policy in 1914, were more responsible than either Britain or France. In particular, in this country the invasion of Belgium is regarded as an act of such a kind that, while it was not the first cause of the World War, it profoundly affected its character. It may be probable that Britain would have entered the War on the side of France and Russia even if Germany had not violated the neutrality of Belgium. But it would certainly have been in a very different manner and with very divided counsels.

There is no reference to this act in your pamphlet except a casual one in an extract from Dr. Gooch's work. I know that many of the signatories to the pamphlet condemn it as heartily as I do, and I think that the appeal of the rest of the pamphlet would be greater, if that was made clear.

May I add that I agree with Professor Quidde's note that discussion among men of goodwill is essential to the proper understanding of some of the problems raised in your pamphlet? But we must not dwell entirely on the errors of the past. Let us try and utilize them as warnings for the future. Let us try and find the methods by which the bitter feelings raised by the War and the Peace may be assuaged, and a new era in international relations inaugurated by the acceptance in all countries of the authority of a World-wide League of Nations.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) CHARLES K. WEBSTER.
Herr Doktor Hermann Lutz.

THE LONDON CONFERENCE.

SIR,—Not to feel a flicker, at least, of hope over the outcome of the London Conference is to evince despair of human actions. True, the Agreement is gaping with voids, and gasping with strains. But the acting will was under a super-heavy handicap. It is the manner of a cynic to fix his eye upon the flaws, in complete disregard of circumstances, and turn away with a scornful gesture. Leave him alone. The wiser and more wholesome attitude ever is to grasp a situation in its entirety, and note the tendency.

The tendency is in the right direction, that of conciliation, albeit not sufficiently resolute. The organic weakness, indeed, of the Agreement is its timidity. But no rigid insistence upon rights any more. Instead, an assertion of rights suffused with a dawning sense of higher duties. The start is good. The great question facing us now is—whether the tendency will deepen and solidify, or waver and flatten out. I strongly fear that the new spirit may not long maintain its ascendancy. My apprehension is based upon the insecurity of tenure everywhere of the bearers of the new spirit, and upon the still graver circumstance of the wayward undercurrents flowing both from the as yet unchannelled regions, the newly created zones, and the unregularized regions, the disrupted zones. These adverse currents combined are bound to retard and divert and even check the steady cumulative forward flow of the movement.

The Conference has dealt only with a portion of the situation, let us not forget; and with that in a purely material fashion. The spiritual equilibrium of Europe remains still unrestored. The Conference, in brief, has attacked merely the symptoms—the facts; but has left untouched the substance—the truth.

We shall have more conferences, undoubtedly, but they will all point a palsied finger to the source of the original

iniquity—the Versailles Treaty. Let us not falter in our hopes, in spite of all; but we must not allow our hopes to lull us into a false sense of contentment. Better, far better, in the long run, would it have been to come to no agreement, and to let the fury of things, the inexorable pressure of events beat out a solution, than that the agreement be not made a stepping-stone leading to a higher, comprehensive, equitable settlement. Blind pressure rather than illusive tension.

The conscience of Europe will not be at rest, and its soul at ease, as long as the treatments continue to be sporadic and palliative—until from our brows shall be blotted out that fateful V.—Yours, &c.,

GABRIEL WELLS.

August, 1924.

"BACON, THE LITERARY PROTEUS

SIR,—Mr. Aldington's remarks upon the extracts I quoted from "Manes Verulamiani" do not affect the argument. These elegies on Bacon were published under the direction of a distinguished theologian, his own chaplain, Dr. William Rawley, and the contributors, where names are given, include such notabilities as Dr. Williams (Bishop of Lincoln), George Herbert, and Sir William Boswell. I do not see how Mr. Aldington's view of these Latin poems can be accepted without the imputation of fraud on the part of Dr. Rawley and the twenty-seven contributors who placed Bacon's poetic gifts and output as supreme. My idea of the purpose of the "Manes Verulamiani" is that they were intended to stir up the inquiring minds of future ages. Indeed, Rawley says himself that they are but to lay the foundations, leaving posterity to complete the structure. If Bacon's only claim to immortality was as philosopher, historian, and essayist, why should his contemporaries wax so eloquent on his services to Apollo and the Muses, and almost overlook, in their ecstasy, the accomplishments associated with his name? Why should they say he "filled the world with his writings" ("Replesti mundum scriptis") when all that bears his name can be contained in a folio volume? And if he did not use the medium of the drama to further his projects, would the statement that he did so have been allowed?

The Baconian "Manes" confirm the truth of the noble tribute paid to Bacon in Ben Jonson's posthumous "Discoveries":—

"He it is that hath filled up all numbers and performed
that in our tongue which may be compared and preferred
either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome,"

a description he had applied in 1623 to William Shakespeare:—

"Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come."

Mr. Aldington will probably say that Ben Jonson was not sincere in Bacon's case, and grossly exaggerated. I shall, however, still believe that the parallel is drawn purposely and that Ben Jonson was thinking of one and the same author.

I am sorry that Mr. Robertson could not find one of my quotations in his edition of the "Manes." If he will refer to Blackbourne's Edition of Bacon's Works (1730), he will find five additional elegies which were withheld from the volume he consulted.—Yours, &c.,

R. L. EAGLE.

ALLEGED MILTON STANZAS.

SIR,—As the question in debate has really some literary importance, may I briefly supplement the letter which you courteously inserted in your issue of August 9th? I will take this time the line which Mr. Aldington himself selected as typical of Milton's rhythm and will compare it with one from Stanza 42. Both begin with the characteristic variation discussed and illustrated in my text (p. 24). The first stress is on the first syllable and the second stress is on the fourth syllable; the latter is the heavy stress and is immediately followed by the pause, so that the word carrying it is as it were doubly underlined. It is often the signifi-

cant word in the line as in these instances. The line is completed in simple rising stress:—

"When the blest seed : of Terah's faithfull Son
But for the seed : which in her womb did lye."

One line is the metrical counterpart of the other, and even the significant word is the same. Mr. Aldington says of the first: "That indeed has a Miltonic ring." In the second he can find "nothing but the poorest Elizabethan rhetoric and the most wobbling rhythm." Again, the two estimates seem difficult to reconcile.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH C. H. CANDY.

MARY EVEREST BOOLE.

SIR,—I have undertaken to help in the collection of material for a biography of Mary Everest Boole, the writer upon psychology and education, which is in contemplation. I should, therefore, be very grateful for your help in appealing to any of your readers who may have letters from Mrs. Boole for the loan of them. Any material lent will be treated with the utmost care, and copied and returned immediately. Reminiscences of, or letters from, Mrs. Boole's husband, George Boole, Professor of Mathematics at the University of Cork, and the Rev. Thomas Everest, Mrs. Boole's father, would be welcome also. I am prepared to journey to any part of Great Britain to interview old friends of the family.—Yours, &c.,

FLORENCE DANIEL.

c/o The C. W. Daniel Company,
3, Tudor Street, London, E.C.4.

THE DEMOCRATIC PEACE CONGRESS.

SIR,—It is not generally known in Great Britain that there is in France a powerful and organized body of opinion, drawn not from Communists or "extremists," but from the bourgeois, Catholic, and other religious circles, in favour of wholehearted reconciliation with Germany.

This new movement in public opinion, which surely we should welcome and encourage, is most definitely articulate through an association known as "La Jeune République," which, through its International Committee and links with other countries, is called "L'International Démocratique," and is led by M. Marc Sangnier.

Last year the movement organized a Congress at Freiburg, where 120 young people from France met several hundred German peace-lovers. This was the biggest Congress of Franco-German friendship held since the war, and it seems to have been a permanent inspiration and a new vision of life to all who took part in it.

At the Congress a German woman offered all her jewellery for the restoration of the devastated zones of France. Others followed her example, and a collection was taken throughout Germany to raise funds to enable a group of young Germans to carry out a mission of friendship and reconstruction in the devastated area. This act of reconciliation by the Germans made a deep impression in France.

This year the annual Congress of this movement is to be held in the Central Hall, Westminster, on September 17th, 18th, and 19th, when about 150 foreign delegates, 100 of whom will be French, will meet a similar number of people who are representative of movements that are working for internationalism in Great Britain. At an official reception at Lancaster House the delegates will be welcomed by Lord Arnold on behalf of the Government. A public meeting will be held in the Central Hall on September 18th, when Viscount Gladstone will preside, and the speakers will include Marc Sangnier, Dr. Quidde of Munich, the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, M.P., and Mr. George Lansbury, M.P.

The recent London Conference has shown that the real problem in Europe to-day is a psychological one, and in creating the right psychology among the peoples, without which the politicians are helpless, this coming Congress has a contribution to make of the highest importance.—Yours, &c.,

A. RUTH FAY,
Hon. Sec.

Millbank House, 2, Wood Street,
Westminster, S.W.1.

DR. FREUD ON ART

By CLIVE BELL.

SUPPOSE an asthete, armed with an hypothesis—the hypothesis, say, that Significant Form is the one thing common and peculiar to works of art—were to imagine that this hypothesis of his would explain every human activity: suppose, for instance, he were to tell you that what a poker-player really aims at is to hold a hand in which reds and blacks, court cards and plain, achieve a perfectly harmonious and aesthetically satisfying rhythm, to which end he (the player) discards and draws; suppose he were to add that those persons who hopelessly lack aesthetic sensibility, who can never establish an aesthetically significant sequence, are the irremediably bad players: what would you think of him? Certainly, you would have to tell him that he was barking up the wrong tree; but whether you would be justified in considering that this mania for forcing all nature to submit to a theory disabled his judgment on all questions is less clear. I beseech you to think twice or thrice before making up your mind; for on your decision depends the reputation of no less a person than Dr. Sigmund Freud.

Hark to him:—

"He (the artist) is one who is urged on by instinctive needs which are too clamorous; he longs to attain to honour, power, riches, fame, and the love of women; but he lacks the means of achieving these gratifications. So, like any other with an unsatisfied longing, he turns away from reality and transfers all his interest, and all his Libido too, on to the creation of his wishes in the life of phantasy. . . . He understands how to elaborate his day-dreams." ("Introductory Lectures on Psycho-analysis.")

The artist, in fact, is one who has set his heart on driving expensive women from expensive restaurants in expensive motor-cars, on getting a title and becoming "a celebrity," and generally living sumptuously. This, unluckily, he cannot afford to do. But he dreams; and he dreams so intensely that he can communicate his dreams to others, who share them, but cannot dream so vividly. For, in Dr. Freud's words, "to those who are not artists the gratification that can be drawn from the springs of phantasy is very limited; their inexorable repressions prevent the enjoyment of all but the meagre day-dreams which can become conscious." But through "the artist's" "art" the public obtains, in the world of make-believe, satisfaction for its clamorous needs, and pays the artist so handsomely for the benefit that he soon obtains satisfaction for his in the world of reality. Art is, to stick to the Freudian jargon, "wish fulfilment"; the artist "realizes" his own dreams of being a great man and having a good time, and in so doing gratifies a public which vaguely and feebly dreams the same dreams, but cannot dream them efficiently.

Now this, I dare say, is a pretty good account of what housemaids, and Dr. Freud presumably, take for art. Indeed, the novelette is the perfect example of "wish fulfilment in the world of phantasy." The housemaid dreams of becoming a great actress and being loved by a handsome earl; Dr. Freud dreams of having been born a handsome earl and loving a great actress. And for fifteen delirious minutes, while the story lasts, the dream comes true. But this has nothing to do with art. Any artist or any poker-player may, or may not, have a taste for expensive pleasures, but *qua* artist or poker-player he has other ends in view. The artist is not concerned with even the "sublimations" of his normal lusts, because he is concerned with a problem which is quite outside normal experience. His object is to create a form which shall match an aesthetic conception, not to create a form which shall satisfy Dr. Freud's unap-

peased longings. Neither Dr. Freud's day-dreams of fame, women, and power, nor yet his own, are what the artist is striving to express; though they are what Dr. Freud and his like wish him to express. The artist's problem is aesthetic; hence the endless quarrel about happy endings between a popular novelist who is ever so little an artist and his public. The public wants to have its wishes fulfilled; the artist wants to create a form which shall be aesthetically right. It is disagreeable for the young lady who has been dreaming of herself as Cordelia to be hanged in the last act. Shakespeare, however, was not considering the young lady's dreams nor even his own of what would be a nice sort of world: he was concerned with an artistic problem. Of that problem Dr. Freud, unluckily, knows nothing. He knows nothing about art, or about the feelings of people who can appreciate art. There is no reason why he should know anything about either; only, being ignorant, he ought to have held his tongue.

Art has nothing to do with dreams. The artist is not one who dreams more vividly, but who is a good deal wider awake, than most people. His grand and absorbing problem is to create a form that shall match a conception, whatever that conception may be. He is a creator, not a dreamer. And we, who care for art, go to it, not for the fulfilment of our dreams of desirable life, but for something that life can never give—for that peculiar and quite disinterested state of mind which philosophers call aesthetic ecstasy. We ask the artist, not to make our dreams come true, but to give us a new thing, which comes out of his own experience.

I once heard Mr. Roger Fry trying to explain this to a roomful of psycho-analysts; and, following in his footsteps, I have attempted the same task myself. I have begged them—the psychologists—to believe that the emotion provoked in me by St. Paul's Cathedral has nothing to do with my notion of having a good time. I have said that it was comparable rather with the emotion provoked in a mathematician by the perfect and perfectly economical solution of a problem than with that provoked in me by the prospect of going to Monte Carlo in particularly favourable circumstances. But they knew all about St. Paul's Cathedral and all about quadratic equations and all about me apparently. So I told them that if Cézanne was for ever painting apples, that had nothing to do with an insatiable appetite for those handsome, but to me unpalatable, fruit. At the word "apples," however, my psychologists broke into titters. Apparently, they knew all about apples, too. And they knew that Cézanne painted them for precisely the same reason that poker-players desire to be dealt a pair of aces.

As a matter of fact, Cézanne would very likely have preferred flowers, the forms and colours of which are said by many to be even more inspiring than those of fruit; only flowers fade, and Cézanne was extraordinarily slow. It was not till late in life he discovered that artificial flowers would serve his purpose just as well as real ones. Apples are comparatively durable; and apples can be depended upon to behave themselves. It was the steadiness as much as the comparative immarcescibility of apples which endeared them to Cézanne—a secret which once, by accident, he betrayed. He was painting a portrait of M. Ambroise Vollard, for which I have heard he demanded not less than fifty sittings. Now, in the warm Provençal afternoons, M. Vollard used to grow sleepy, and used sometimes to doze. But when

the model dozes inevitably the pose changes. To counteract this danger Cézanne so arranged the chair on the model's throne that the slightest movement on the sitter's part would bring him crashing to the ground. M. Vollard's spirit was all right, but the flesh was weak; lunch was over, the afternoon warm, off nodded the sitter, and down came the chair. Slightly stunned—the throne was a high one—M. Vollard was picking himself up when he saw and heard the artist advancing furiously upon him: "Tu ne peux pas te tenir tranquille, donc? Pourquoi bouges-tu? Les pommes ne bougent pas." Unhappily, as the only language known to English psychologists is German, my story, like its subject, fell miserably flat.

Dr. Sigmund Freud has made himself slightly ridiculous by talking about things of which he knows nothing, by imagining that the books and pictures he likes are works of art, and that the people who react to works of art feel what he feels for the books and pictures he likes. Are we, on this account, to conclude that Dr. Freud is not to be trusted on any subject? "Yes," says Dr. Johnson.

"A physician being mentioned who had lost his practice, because his whimsically changing his religion had made people distrustful of him, I maintained that this was unreasonable, as religion is unconnected with medical skill. *Johnson*.—Sir, it is not unreasonable; for when people see a man absurd in what they understand, they may conclude the same of him in what they do not understand."

But I doubt the great doctor was a little hasty and, like Dr. Freud himself, something given to generalizing on insufficient data. To me it seems that Dr. Freud may be an excellent psycho-analyst; but I am sure he had better leave art alone.

AN ELF OF THE TWILIGHT.

By FRANCES PITTS.

WHEN the light begins to fade, when the western sky blushes first rose, then crimson, my elfin friend leaves his den, and tumbles forth for a brief hour of riotous life. He flings himself upon the evening air, and with rapid wing-beats, that make tiny rustling sounds, darts away upon the hunt. All the excitements of the chase are his during that short, crowded, glorious hour, and round the bushes, under the trees, about the farm-buildings he goes. The calm evening air holds his quarry, dancing gnats and fluttering moths, upon which he dashes, grabbing one here and another there, and dealing destruction through the insect swarm. No time does the elf waste upon the smaller ones, but eats them as he flies; the larger victims are, however, another matter, and the very biggest still more difficult, for how can he devour a fat moth while on the wing? But before telling how he solves the problem, what of the elf himself? What manner of thing is this hunter of the twilight?

He is one of the quaintest creatures imaginable; clad in the softest, most delicate, silky grey fur (light grey below, brown-grey on his back), with a tiny, sharp face, wee bright eyes, wide-spreading skinny wings, and, last but not least, enormous ears that are longer than his own body—in short, our friend is a bat, namely, the Long-eared Bat, *Plecotus auritus*, Linn., but we might well take him for a gnome escaped from fairyland.

Those ears are his great feature, for they are out of all proportion to the rest of the small creature, being amazingly overgrown organs, yet so delicate and sensi-

tive are they that they are things of beauty. The skin is thin and transparent, every vein can be seen—they are never still, but wave to and fro like feelers, now extended, now retracted, now drawn back and curled up. There is something about them that reminds one of a snail's tentacles, especially when the bat withdraws them and folds them away. When the long-eared bat is sleepy it tucks its ears back, folding them under its wings, where they are safe from harm; but the inner membrane or tragus, which looks like a second, but smaller, ear inside the large one, still protrudes, so even in sleep the bat does not appear earless.

What use, if any, its enormous ears are to the bat is a question concerning which we are in complete darkness. This species is fond of hunting among trees and bushes—do its ears help it in any way to thread its course in the gloaming through the leafy labyrinth? The bat certainly has eyes, as all bats have, and sharp, bright little eyes, too, but they are not in any way exceptionally developed, and cannot be much use when the light is not only failing but has failed; yet the long-eared bat will continue to hunt when the gloom is so deep that we can only catch a glimpse of it by standing so that the hunter is silhouetted against the sky. It may be that its great ears are so exquisitely sensitive that it *hears* the objects before and around it—i.e., by echo, by the slight rustlings and murmurings of the leaves, &c. Can it be that these organs really serve the purpose of feelers? I have seen a bat behave as if they did. But whatever their use, the long-eared bat's ears are indeed wonderful; moreover, they enable one to identify the bat wherever met with, even on the wing.

The best time and place to see the long-eared bat is at dusk, in some sheltered alley between the trees, especially if there are some flowering shrubs to attract moths. Then the elfin hunter will soon be at work, fluttering to and fro through the warm, scented evening air, and at every turn and twist accounting for some member of the insect swarm. Watching, you will see the grey shape fluttering eerily by, here, then there, vanishing and reappearing, now almost brushing you as it passes with swishing wings, and again swallowed up by the shadows. The best plan is to stand against the bushes so that the sky shows up its evolutions. Then you will be able to note its twists and turns, and occasional sudden tumbles through the air. Down it will plunge, falling headlong for a few feet, only to right itself and fly on. It has been mentioned that prey is often disposed of on the wing, and these tumbles take place when it is dealing with an awkward capture. When the bat catches something that it cannot quite manage, it makes use of its interfemoral pouch, otherwise the skinny bag formed by the membrane stretching between the hind legs and the tail. When the tail is curved forwards beneath its owner this makes a pocket, from which a fly cannot easily escape. Now when a bat catches a medium-sized fly it bobs its head down into its pouch, so that the insect may not get away, and crunches it up therein. The business only takes a fraction of a second, during which the bat takes that queer aerial tumble already alluded to, from which it recovers in less time than it takes to tell, and flies on after another insect.

I once kept a long-eared bat for a little while, on purpose to study its ways, and fed it on house-flies, of which it would consume as many as fifty at a sitting, when it was most amusing to see it trying to pouch them in the orthodox manner. The feat, which would have been easy enough on the wing, proved too difficult when the bat was seated, and it generally overbalanced.

Bigger insects, such as moths, are treated differently, the bat carrying them off home to its den to be

dealt with in a more leisurely fashion ; their wings are bitten off, and only the juicy bodies eaten. The wings, fluttering to the ground, lie beneath its roosting-place as witnesses to the sport it has enjoyed. In a shed at my home one of these bats has had a den for years. It lives in a hole over a beam, and every morning fresh moth wings are added to the litter on the floor. Evidently, the bat brings each catch back, eats it on the beam, and then dashes out again for another moth. It must work very hard while on the wing, for the long-eared bat, like most other bats, does not fly all night, but hunts at dusk and dawn, cramming its activities into one short, delirious hour.

It is, in my experience, a solitary species, not given to congregating in colonies, but preferring each its own den, this retreat to be shared only, at the most, by one companion. To this den it is most faithful, and, though it may quit it in the autumn to seek good hibernating quarters, yet the spring will find it home again. That bat already referred to, or possibly a succession of bats, has lived in the one particular hole for at least nine or ten years, and it may be longer. When looking for winter quarters this species is liable to get into houses, when its weird appearance adds to the thrill raised by the presence of a bat in the house. General excitement ensues until the poor little thing has been evicted or has disappeared. The way one of these bats can vanish is extraordinary. Not long ago, I was trying to catch one that had got into the room, when it eluded me and disappeared, just as if it was indeed an elf from fairyland. Every window and door was closed, and the only means of egress was the chimney, but when I lost sight of the bat it was on the opposite side of the room to the fireplace. Perhaps it merely hitched itself upon a piece of furniture and was overlooked.

By the way, my elfin friend, like all his tribe, invariably rests head downwards, hanging himself up by his heels, which position seems to please him better than any other ; evidently he is never troubled by any rush of blood to the head.

THE DRAMA

TIME'S REVENGES.

The Everyman Theatre : "The Man of Destiny."

By Bernard Shaw.

HERE is a strange similarity between Swinburne and Shaw ; in their manner and their effect, historically, and in their ultimate artistic value —between " Songs before Sunrise " and " Back to Methuselah." They are the first writers to make one wake up ; their words carry one along like a wave. But Time is laying his hand upon them ; they are the idols of the schoolboy of yesterday ; " Dolores " is yielding to " The Waste Land." Mr. William Archer wrote " The Green Goddess " before the publication of " St. Joan," and it seems to many people almost blasphemous of the Rajah of Rukh to go on " supposing that Shaw is a back number." Mr. Leonard Woolf in the World of Books a few weeks ago would not have it so. He asserted that G.B.S. is bred in the bone of every undergraduate, that we all willy-nilly breathe the doctrine that is Shaw. Those who believe that the primrose " enjoys the air it breathes " may let this pass, but younger generations are notoriously ungrateful : they resent the opinions of their fathers and are much more in sympathy with the outlook of their grandparents. If the undergraduate deserts Shaw, he may return to Ibsen, the spring from which Shaw drew his inspiration and sold it in little bottles with glass stoppers to every hotel in the world, as it were, and " made a very good thing out of it." Why is Ibsen " a back number "? After all, " The Doll's House " stands in the same relation to " Getting Married " as the Sermon on the Mount to the Epistle to the Romans.

I had neither read nor seen " How He Lied to her Husband," which is being given as a curtain-raiser to " The Man of Destiny " at the Everyman Theatre.

It seemed absurdly dated, more old-fashioned than " Patience," less witty than " The Importance of being Earnest." It is written and was acted with both eyes on the audience. One is all too prepared for the paradox upon which the play depends. The acting was unsubtle, but then a characteristic joke is concerned with the name of " Bumpus " (" it rhymes with rumpus "). It is also a play which amateurs act as if they were professionals, and professionals as if they were amateurs.

Although I am no Shavian, I like the " fancy dress " plays extremely : I mean " Arms and the Man," " St. Joan," " Cæsar and Cleopatra," and above all " The Man of Destiny," which is now being excellently performed by the Everyman company. Mr. Claude Rains as Buonaparte, from his first piece of silent acting with the maps and the wine down to his final *mot*, was quite admirable. Every word and gesture told. Of course, the part is superb, with just that touch of caricature which makes things so much easier for the actor. The young Corsican general of the French is, like so many of Shaw's best creations, a very human superman, vain and coarse, ferocious and ridiculous and sublime.

The design of the play is a spiral : one twirls round in narrowing circles until one arrives at the centre, the climax, the final curtain. The main device is Elizabethan—the convention of a Rosalind in boy's clothes, and, in so far as it is possible to do so, Miss Jeanne de Casalis carried it through. She was a little inclined to make it too clear to the audience that she was " acting a part." The Lieutenant was amusing, although, beside Mr. Aubrey Mather's Giuseppe, he seemed almost an amateur, and there was one embarrassing moment when he and the Strange Lady and the Prompter all lost their heads.

But, to conclude, " The Man of Destiny " is as fresh as ever, and will flourish when much of Shaw has faded and been trampled under foot.

GEORGE RYLANDS.

POETRY

REMEMBRANCE.

O PLACES I have seen upon the earth,
Your silence is not virginal any more,
For one still wanders there whose mortal birth
Was mine. And now, gaze bent on buried lore,

A child, a youth, a man,—O, is it I!—
In silence stands by every lake and tree,
Or leans lost poring face where, flickering by,
The bright stream moves on to another sea.

And all is changed, the shining fields, the host
Of shapes who were myself years long ago.
'Tis these who live ! And I am but a ghost
Exiled from their sole light and jealous glow.

Ah, no ; it was not I who, laughing there,
Walked with the crowd, and there, in solitude,
Wandered a summer's day through windless air,
In a once-visited far-northern wood.

It was not I from morn till noon who went
The white road's length to the white noisy town
So many years ago. That light is spent;
And he who saw it, long since fallen down.

And he no less, the child who, walking grave,
Saw beauty of tiny weed, of moss and stone,
And all his comrades, diffident and brave:
They each have perished, silent and alone.

I can no more have speech with them, nor know
The light which lights them. Vaster than the sea
The yawning distances o'er which we go
On our frail paths of sundering destiny.

EDWIN MUIR.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

REPRINTS.

I SAID last week that, in my opinion, the over-production in the book trade is a serious evil, and that a vast number of books that are published should never be printed. This does not apply to reprints. I am not thinking of the many excellent series of standard books, old friends which are regularly being reprinted and reissued by the publishers, and which must be continually making new friends in every new generation. What I am thinking of are old, little read, and partially forgotten volumes, and it is remarkable how many of these have in recent years been unearthed and republished by enterprising publishers.

* * *

There is one admirable series of this kind of reprint which deserves special notice, "The Bodley Head Quartos." In it Messrs. John Lane have reprinted about a dozen sixteenth and seventeenth century books, most of them quite unknown to the ordinary reader. The Quartos are exact reprints, reproducing the original title-pages; they are admirably printed; they are extremely cheap. (There is only one point in which they are open to criticism. Though the insides are delightful, the outsides are extraordinarily and needlessly ugly, the binding reminding one of a school text-book. If only the Bodley Head would do away with all the lettering, lines, and designs on the cover, their Quartos would be perfect.) The last two volumes issued in this series are very good examples of old books which are not masterpieces but which deserve to be reprinted. They are "Daemonologie, in Forme of a Dialogue," by King James I., together with "Newes from Scotland" (3s. cloth; 2s. 6d. paper), and Robert Greene's "The Blache Bookes Messenger," together with "Cuthbert Conny-Catcher's" "The Defence of Conny-Catching" (3s. cloth; 2s. 6d. paper).

* * *

I had never before read King James's "Daemonologie." It is a dialogue between Philomathes and Epistemon on magic and witchcraft in which Epistemon proves, to the satisfaction of both, that "the assautes of Sathan are most certainly practized, and that the instrumentes thereof, merits most severly to be punished." As Mr. G. B. Harrison says in his introduction, the work is "a brief and authoritative guide to the darker beliefs of our ancestors," but in this respect it is hardly as interesting or as illuminating as "Newes from Scotland," which contains a plain account of the trial of several witches and of "the damnable life and death of Doctor Fian, a notable Sorcerer," who were arrested and brought to trial in Scotland in 1591. My great-great-great-great-great-grandfather may well have been alive in 1591 when Geillis Duncane, the maid-servant of David Seaton, being suspected of being a witch, was tortured—the Pillwinckes were put upon her fingers, "which is a greeuous torture," and they tried "binding or wrinching her head with a corde or roape, which is a most cruel torment also"—until she confessed that she was a witch and implicated several other unfortunate women and also Dr. Fian, otherwise John Cunningham, a schoolmaster at Saltpans in Lowthian. These wretched and foredoomed people were "tried" in the presence of King James, who seems to have had a mania for witch-hunting, and they were tortured until they confessed that they had christened a cat, gone to sea in "a Riddle or Ciue," and, in the Kirk of North Berwick, kissed the Devil's "Buttockes in signe of duetye to him." Geillis Duncane, Agnes Tompson, and the other women were soon made to confess by the torment of wrinching and

binding, but John Cunningham seems to have been a brave man, for he held out under the "throwing of his head with a roape," and even when "his nailes upon all his fingers were riuen and pulled off with an instrument called in Scottish a *Turkas*, which in England wee call a payre of pincers, and under euerie nayle there was thrust in two needels ouer euen up to the heads." At last, when "he was put to the most seure and cruell paine in the world, called the bootes," he broke down and confessed; then, as soon as he had recovered from the shock, he went back on his confession, so he was "conuained againe to the torment of the bootes, wherein hee continued a long time, and did abide so many blowes in them, that his legges were crushte and beaten togeather as small as might be." Still he held out, so the King, "as well for the due execution of iustice upon such detestable malefactors, as also for example sake," condemned him to be strangled and burnt; and burnt he was "in the Castle Hill of Edenbrough on a saterdaie in the ende of Ianuarie last past. 1591."

* * *

Those whom we call savages in Africa have to-day the same beliefs and practices as had King James I. of England. It is disquieting to think that this was the state of mind of "civilized" Christians in the time of Shakespeare and much later, and that the grandfather of my own grandfather's grandfather was probably a mere devil-ridden, witch-hunting savage. And it is even more disquieting, I think, certainly it is extraordinarily revolting, to see in the "Daemonologie" how that cultured and bloodthirsty savage, King James, finds his reasons in religion, philosophy, and law for his triumphant conclusion that all Magicians and Witches "ought to be put to death according to the Law of God, the ciuill and imperial law, and municipall law of all Christian nations."

* * *

Greene's pamphlets in which he attacks the "Conny-catchers" and professional thieves and swindlers who infested London in his day are also extremely interesting, not only for the light which they throw upon the society of the time, but also from a literary point of view. They are really first-class journalism produced by a prose writer of great vigour and no small ability. The first four pamphlets have already appeared in two volumes of the Bodley Head Quartos. The present volume contains Greene's fifth and last pamphlet, "The Blache Bookes Messenger," written in 1592, and the counter-attack of the Conny-catchers, "The Defence of Conny-Catching," which was published early in 1592.

* * *

I had intended writing about some other reprints, but my space is almost exhausted, and I can do little more than mention their names. They are those published by Mr. Basil Blackwell from "The Shakespeare Head Press." Here both the printing and the binding are admirable. The last volume issued is Gay's amusing parody of the pastoral eclogue, "The Shepherd's Week," edited by Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith, and reprinted page for page and line for line from the original edition, and with facsimiles of the original plates (Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 4s. 6d.). Another interesting reprint which comes from the same publisher is Richard Fanshawe's translation of the Fourth Book of Virgil's *Aeneid*, "The Loves of Dido and Aeneas," which is printed side by side with the Latin, and is edited with notes by Mr. A. L. Irvine (6s.).

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

JOHN CLARE.

Madrigals and Chronicles. By JOHN CLARE. Edited by EDMUND BLUNDEN. (Beaumont Press, 75, Charing Cross Road. £1 5s.)

It appears that many hundreds of poems by John Clare still lie unpublished in the Museum at Peterborough and the Library at Northampton. Mr. Edmund Blunden has gathered some fifty of these in a beautiful little volume issued by the Beaumont Press—a supplement to the larger selection published in 1920; and he intimates that it will one day be followed by the complete "collected edition" to which Clare's reawakened fame may be held to have entitled him. For this, however, it will be necessary to wait, possibly for some years to come; and meanwhile Mr. Blunden has, with reason, thought it worth while to fill the gap with this instalment of "madrigals and chronicles," characteristic as they are of Clare's peculiar talent. A good editor must be a devoted one, and a devoted editor will always claim a little more for the object of his care than the first-comer, cool in detachment, will be willing to concede; and it may be that for Clare's fame fifty poems are better than many hundreds. It will be a pity if that which is large and true and fine in his work is swamped by that which is trite and careless; and there is enough of the latter in nearly every page of Clare's to raise the question. But the answer is with Mr. Blunden, and if he is devoted in care he is scrupulous in appraisement; and Clare has doubtless fallen into hands that will do the right thing by him at last. He has had to wait long for it in all conscience; it is sixty years since he died in the County Asylum at Northampton.

And what, as we know it at present, is the true value of Clare's poetry? It has little art, it has no great range of reflection, its hold upon life is uncertain, its passion runs easily to conventional phrases. Clare was no stammering genius, battling for expression in the face of the many difficulties that hampered him; it is impossible to believe that in happier circumstances, with all the opportunities of freedom and ease that he never had, his poetry would have been any deeper or wider or fuller than it is—though with a taste more leisurely trained it might have been better made. It does not seem that his nature was cramped, only that his mind was worn and vexed to madness, by poverty and toil and anxiety. His long years of insanity appear as the result of fretted nerves and exhausted patience, not as the downfall of genius overwrought and overdriven by itself. He evidently poured out his poems with great facility and fluency—tunefully, songfully, with no troubled revolt against the narrowness of his village life. The change of the seasons around the farmstead, between the sparkle of romance in springtime and the comfort of the fireside on winter evenings—there was all the inspiration that he needed, his world was big enough for him. He wrote of the thoughts which it stirred in him, and they were not profound—of the love that he found and lost and found again, and the full and final expression of it was beyond him; and he also wrote of the country, of the fields and the weather and the birds and the folk of the good, plain, laborious countryside in which he lived, and when he wrote of these he was a poet.

An "unparalleled intimacy" with the nature of the English landscape—so Mr. Blunden puts the leading characteristic of Clare's poetry. If the word is to be strictly scrutinized it will have to be said that this intimacy is unparalleled only among poets, and that with that qualification the claim is considerably reduced. Sensitive to nature, absorbed in nature, in love with nature many and most of our poets have been, with Chaucer at that end and Mr. Blunden himself at this. But intimacy, if it implies a real and close acquaintance, is another matter, and it is intimacy in this sense that is ascribed to Clare, and from his poetry it would seem that the claim may be easily exaggerated. The knowledge of the life of nature that is revealed in his poems is not extraordinary; anyone who has lived in the country and used his eyes may soon have matched it. But Clare had an exquisite gift, by far his greatest, for rendering in small pictures the sight of what he saw in the country; and after so much that is unreal and conventional in most "nature-poetry" the freshness and sharpness and directness of his vision are admirable. Sometimes there is also a singing

joy in the vision which gives such a poem as "The Primrose Bank" (in this volume) a beautiful radiance. Unfortunately, Clare could never write more than a few lines without betraying the uncertainty of his hand in form and phrasing; so that it is difficult to find a single complete poem that is perfectly apt for quotation. But here perhaps is one—"Sunrise in Summer":—

" The summer's morning sun creeps up the blue
O'er the flat meadows' most remotest view:
A bit at first peeps from the splendid ball,
Then more, and more, until we see it all.
And then so ruddy and so cool it lies,
The gazer views it with unwatering eyes,
And cattle opposite its kindly shine
Seem something feeding in a land divine:
Ruddy at first, yet ere a minute's told
Its burning red keeps glowing into gold,
And o'er the fenny level richly flows,
Till seeded dock in shade a giant grows;
Then blazing bright with undefined day
He turns the morning's earnest gaze away."

That is a picture drawn and left without a moral, and it was in simple impressions like this that Clare showed the best of his quality. Did he not? His editor attributes to him a wider imaginative reach and a rarer music than the effect of these fifty poems would seem to warrant. Perhaps after all the effect will be more convincing in many hundreds.

PERCY LUBBOCK.

SOMETHING CHILDISH.

Something Childish; and Other Stories. By KATHERINE MANSFIELD. (Constable. 6s.)

It would be unfair to judge the talents of the late Katherine Mansfield by the pieces gathered in this volume. The editor candidly tells us that he doubts whether Miss Mansfield herself would have allowed some of these stories to appear. Indeed, when the book is read carefully, there appears to be little or nothing in it equal to her best work in other books; these pieces are the artist's "throw-outs," stories which did not, perhaps, quite satisfy her fastidious taste, or sketches too slight in matter for her to wish them published in permanent form. "Something Childish" might be described as the appendix to Miss Mansfield's collected works; we are glad to have it, because anything from this artist's pen is valuable, but it must be read in relation to her other work. Had Miss Mansfield lived she would surely have produced work far superior to most of the pieces in this volume. Of course, this is only comparing Miss Mansfield at her best with Miss Mansfield not quite at her best; compared with the productions of other, less gifted, writers, her most tenuous sketch is of importance.

This is one very good reason for reading everything Miss Mansfield wrote. I do not mean that the tragic shortness of this life makes us eager to search for the germs of future achievements even in her notes and sketches; though this is true. But if we ask what it is that we value in the writings of Katherine Mansfield, the answer is: a unique temperament, an original vision of the world. She offers us no interpretation of life, no profound brooding over the human comedy, but a vivid record of appearances, a thousand swift impressions of the world of men and things which no other person could give us. "What is there to believe in except appearances?" she asks in one of these stories; and adds: "The great thing to learn in this life is to be content with appearances, and shun the vulgarities of the grocer and philosopher." Obviously, appearances can be made the symbols of any profundity you like, and I am far from asserting that Katherine Mansfield gave no significance to her impressions. But with a writer of this kind we are more interested in the unique personality behind the work than in the work itself; and in the case of Katherine Mansfield the same personality can be detected in the earliest and the slightest of her writings as in the latest and most solid. There is something of herself in everything she wrote, even in an immature sketch like "The Tiredness of Rosabel," written at nineteen; even in a piece of humanitarian propaganda like "A Suburban Fairy Tale."

If you try to imprison this unique temperament in a formula you are bound to fail; you will only crush it in heavy fingers. You can say that Katherine Mansfield's stories bear some resemblance to the work of certain modern

painters and poets ; but the comparison cannot be made precise because there is no one to compare her with but herself. There is an early poem by M. Luc Durstain describing how a man sees the world about him curiously and beautifully reflected in a half-empty wine-flask—it is the ordinary world and yet it is changed, the proportions are altered, common things look strangely beautiful. That, I think, is not a bad figure for the art of Katherine Mansfield ; the world seen through her temperament is the world we see ourselves, but is altered so that we see everything in fresh proportion. Take a passage like this, for example, from a sketch called "See-Saw":—

" Spring. As the people leave the road for the grass their eyes become fixed and dreamy like the eyes of people wading in the warm sea. There are no daisies yet, but the sweet smell of the grass rises, rises in tiny waves the deeper they go. The trees are in full leaf. As far as one can see there are fans, hoops, tall rich plumes of various green. A light wind shakes them, blowing them together, blowing them free again ; in the blue sky floats a cluster of tiny white clouds like a brood of ducklings."

That is an elementary example, but the same quality of vivid freshness can be traced through all Katherine Mansfield's work, in her rendering of character as well as in descriptive passages. She gives the unsuspected aspects of things (which create them for the reader so much more vividly than laboriously photographic descriptions), not because she self-consciously sought them, but because they were what she naturally saw. No doubt a temperament of this sort can only find perfect expression through persistent labour and a multitude of experiments ; but the temperament itself is a unique gift, something which cannot possibly be acquired by any labour.

There are three or four stories of murders in this book, one of which called "Poison" is perhaps the best thing in it. An Australian murder story, "The Woman at the Store," is excellent for its rendering of the primitive coarseness of life in those remote districts and for the skill with which the story is told—only on the last page do we even suspect the truth, and, though it is revealed in an improbable way, the whole thing becomes coherent through one sentence.

"Something Childish but Very Natural" is a study in youthful sentiment. "The Black Cap" is an amusing sketch of an elopement which was a failure. Among the other sketches which have no particular significance but that of keen observation and vivid description, the best are "The Journey to Bruges," "Pension Séguin," and "An Indiscreet Journey." Most of the book falls into this category, but the reader should not overlook the sketches of child character in which Miss Mansfield excelled.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

INTELLIGENCE TESTS.

Report of the Consultative Committee on Psychological Tests of Educable Capacity and their Possible Use in the Public System of Education. (H.M. Stationery Office. 2s.)

INTELLIGENCE tests are known to most people as a particularly trying kind of parlour game. "If," somebody will say, "if this sentence contains more words of less than three letters than words of more than three letters, say the first letter of the last word ; if it contains less, say the last letter of the first word." Sometimes, too, a gentleman writes to the newspapers to complain that in these tests children are questioned about nothing but suicides and murders, and expected to show their intelligence by allusions to divorce. It is quite true, as the most ardent believer in mental tests would agree, that many of the methods we hear of are useless, or worse than useless. But to pick these out and make fun of them is not a very fruitful form of criticism as applied to the general idea of mental tests.

The basis of the whole matter is in reality simply one of numbers. We find, for instance, that as a matter of fact 71·4 per cent. of eight-year-old children can tell the date correctly, while only 9·6 per cent. of six-year-olds can do so. If then we find a child of 12 who fails and another of 5 who succeeds in this test, it is clear that the former is much below, the latter much above, the average performance. If we obtain the same results in a considerable variety of tests, it is surely fair to say that the first child is very much

retarded, while the second is very much advanced, in his mental powers.

Certainly the advocates of intelligence tests go considerably further than this. They declare, for instance, that intelligence does not increase after fourteen, or fifteen, or sixteen years, that during its growth intelligence hardly alters at all relatively to age, and that it is not affected by education. They back their assertions with a great mass of statistical evidence, and though no doubt much of what they say will eventually have to be qualified, it will not do to pooh-pooh it airily, as a modern fad, without taking the trouble to investigate it. We are, moreover, now faced with a practical problem in this connection. Are the new tests of any use in our schools ? Can we bring them out of the laboratory into the classroom ? Are they really going to help the educational administrator and the teacher, or are they to remain the playthings of the psychologist ?

The Consultative Committee constituted by the Board of Education in 1920 have just issued a report designed to answer these questions. The need for a considered inquiry into the subject and a summary of conclusions arrived at were all the more pressing because these tests are, as a matter of fact, already being put to a practical use ; they are employed more and more for an increasing number of purposes, and more and more light on their advantages and defects is urgently needed.

Let us, for example, consider the use of the tests in determining which are the mentally deficient and backward children. Probably no medical officer whose duty it is to pick out children for the special schools under-estimates the value of the tests. It should not be necessary to say that the tests are far from being, in themselves, conclusive evidence ; yet anyone who has had experience of them will agree that they afford assistance in diagnosis which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to obtain otherwise.

At the other end of the scale we have the super-normal children, the candidates, first for central and secondary schools, and later on for Universities. At present these are selected by competitive examination, if we leave out of account those who, owing to their financial superiority, need only concern themselves with a qualifying examination.

Examinations are certainly not in much favour now. They are condemned as putting too great a strain on the candidates, as leading to cram, as testing the wrong qualities, and failing to pick out the best brains. And then, how are examination papers marked ? Anyone who is familiar with the recent work on standardized scholastic tests knows how vague the ordinary methods of marking are, and the complete absence of anything like an impersonal objective standard, even in such relatively impersonal subjects as arithmetic. In composition the case is naturally far worse. The fate of the candidate, in fact, too often depends not on his own work, but on the examiner who marks him.

If not examinations, are we to try the new mental tests ? We will leave out of account the children at the end of their school career, who must necessarily be examined for attainment as well as ability, and confine ourselves to the children of elementary schools who are to be tested for secondary and central school scholarships. If we are to use tests on them, it cannot be the individual Binet tests or any of their variations which still form the basis of the tests to which the retarded child is submitted. These tests take too long to be practicable when thousands of children have to be examined, and moreover, a trained psychologist must make the examination, if it is to have any validity. Group tests have therefore been devised which can be set to large numbers of children at a time, and which require hardly any skill on the part of the examiner, who is in reality simply a supervisor. Such tests have been used in Northumberland and in the West Riding of Yorkshire ; it is interesting to learn that in both cases scholarships have been awarded to children who failed in the scholarship examinations, and who have done well since in their secondary schools.

Besides eliminating the best and the worst intellects from schools provided for the average, the intelligence test can also be used within the school itself to assist in grading the children. At present classes are much too apt to be graded with too close attention to age or scholastic acquirements ; in either case the more intelligent children are often

kept back in their school work and deprived of much of the advantage which Nature has given them. At the same time children of inferior ability are under an unnecessary strain in the struggle to keep abreast of the work for which they are not competent. This, of course, is well known to everyone who has to organize a school; but the difficulties of distinguishing between the inherent powers of small children, the supposed necessity for each child "covering the ground," and the difficulty of allowing them to do so at their own pace, have done much to check more reasonable methods of grading.

These, then, are some of the directions from which intelligence tests are pushing their way into the life of the school. A thousand questions immediately arise in our minds—what is this intelligence we purport to test? do the tests for super-normals of eleven really eliminate in the child that element of instability which so often invalidates the results of a written examination at that age? are there any group tests for seven-year-olds? for sixteen-year-olds? have they ever been tried on subjects known to be intelligent, such as Cabinet Ministers? The whole question is a fascinating one, and we feel that we want all the light on it we can get.

The Consultative Committee's Report is, it must be confessed, disappointing. After their very interesting Report on the differentiation in curriculum between boys and girls, we had expected something more illuminating. The Historical Sketch by Dr. Burt in the first chapter is well done, but the rest is scrappy and incoherent—a series of vaguely connected paragraphs streams along, leading, one hardly knows where. The amount of repetition is almost incredible; for instance, on pages 82, 126, and 139 we are told three several times that mental deficiency should not be decided on by mental tests alone. Worst of all, the report of the Sub-Committee, on which Dr. Ballard, Dr. Myers, and Professor Spearman sat, is not reproduced; we are merely told mysteriously that the full Committee took it "as the basis of its work."

On two of their recommendations, however, the Committee are to be congratulated. First, they throw cold water on the results obtained with these methods by people untrained in experimental psychology. Secondly, they urge the Government to set up an Advisory Committee "to work in concert with University Departments of Psychology and other organizations engaged in the work of research," in order to extend research, and to co-ordinate the results when they are obtained.

MARJORIE STRACHEY.

FAITH AND LAW.

The History of the Temple, London: from the Institution of the Knights of the Temple to the Close of the Stuart Period. By J. BRUCE WILLIAMSON, of the Middle Temple. (Murray. 21s.)

In the history of the Temple there are two distinct periods—the period of Faith and that of Law. And of these it must be confessed that the former is the more interesting, even though the records of it are scanty and scrappy. The story begins with the Crusades. Even after the capture of Jerusalem in 1099, the armed forces of the Crusaders were not numerous enough to give them effective occupation of the whole of Palestine, and the Christian pilgrims were still exposed to attack by marauding bands. Distressed by their sufferings, a Burgundian and a French knight, Hugh de Payene and Godfrey de St. Omer, dedicated their lives to the service of the pilgrims, and thus there came into being the famous Brotherhood of soldier monks—the Knights of the Temple. The severity of their vows was such that at the end of nine years only seven recruits had been attracted to their Order. Then, however, it received the advocacy of the saintly Bernard of Clairvaux, who drew up for its guidance rules of conduct embodied finally in an elaborate code which received the sanction of the Council of Troyes. Under Papal patronage, the prosperity of the Order now advanced rapidly, and in England, where they are thought to have first settled in 1128, the Knights were granted such extraordinary privileges by Henry III. and Edward I. that, as the Crusading enthusiasm died down, they came to be regarded with envy by the less fortunate regular clergy.

Their dramatic rise to power and affluence was soon followed by an equally dramatic fall. Charges not only of heresy and blasphemy, but of the vilest carnal sins, were brought against the Templars, and at length, under the torture of the Inquisition, partial confession was wrung from some of their number, and their Order abolished in 1312. Mr. Williamson admits that the Knights may not have been beyond reproach; but, unlike Mr. Bernard Shaw, he takes it for granted that the Inquisition was insincere and corrupt.

The causes which led to the advent of the Apprentices of the Law into the Temple are obscure; and it cannot be said that, after its transference to the Crown under Henry VIII., the history of the Temple makes very engrossing reading. The Law has always been somewhat aloof, and, though Mr. Williamson's careful, detailed, and well-documented pages will be of value to those concerned with legal developments and technicalities, they present, on the whole, a rather arid aspect to the lay reader. Through the heat and turmoil of public controversies, the life of the two Temple Societies has, for the most part, pursued the even tenor of its way, and the Civil War seems to have been one of the few events to disturb its cloistered calm. It might have been expected that the gentlemen of the Inns of Court—then essentially aristocratic—would have ranged themselves on the King's side. But, to begin with, the recent policy of the Crown had alienated their sympathy, and the conflict, moreover, was not a war of classes, since the leaders on both sides were men of rank and position. But if, generally speaking, the Temple supported the Parliament, the Parliament showed itself no more tolerant of judicial independence than the Stuarts had been, and emphasized its arguments by a policy of force and spoliation. The Temple thus became almost deserted—until, indeed, the few who remained there conceived the happy idea of settling their friends and families within its precincts. With the return of more normal times, the invaders were dislodged with the utmost difficulty, repeated threats to expel members who refused to "remove their wives, women, and famelies out of this Society" being of no avail.

The prosaic records of the Temple are illuminated to some extent by the many excellent contemporary accounts of Christmas masks and revels which Mr. Williamson has disinterred. Students of social history will also find pleasure in some of his domestic budgets. Nothing, for instance, could better indicate the change in table habits than the sums paid, at different periods, to the laundress:—

"In the reign of Henry VIII. she received a wage of only 6s. 8d. per annum. In 1575 her pay, then £1, was raised to £1 6s. 8d. In 1586 it was increased to £4, and at the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign she received a yearly salary of £6 13s. 4d. In April, 1605, the Laundress petitioned the Benchers for extra remuneration, alleging that wood and coals were much dearer, and that there were more cloths, towels, and napkins to be washed, and oftener, than at her first coming. She was allowed a rise of £2 12s. 0d. Three years later her wages had advanced to £11 12s. 0d., and on that figure she was allowed a further increase to £13 6s. 8d. for one year. This, however, appears to have been insufficient, for on November 26th, 1613, her wage was raised on the Treasurer's report to £16... This advance is the more remarkable in view of the fact that, while her remuneration had more than doubled since the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the Gardener's remuneration of £6 13s. 4d. remained what it had been in 1594, and the Under Cook, with £2 per annum, was receiving no more than the wage paid to the same servant in 1576."

It should be added that Mr. Williamson's book has something of interest to offer to lovers of London topography.

STONEHENGE.

The Stones of Stonehenge. By E. HERBERT STONE, F.S.A. (Robert Scott. 21s.)

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Englishman and not as a European, ignore the historical method, accept without complaint the artificial gulf between ethnology and archeology, and the book will appear to you not merely a triumph of British scholarship, but a highly satisfactory survey map to help you to find your way about the wood of a thousand trees.

Positively a thousand books and pamphlets have been written about Stonehenge, and Mr. Stone has got them in hand with a masterly touch. You need not read these busy brains ; Mr. Stone has done the job for you and tabulated the selected results in such a way that you will have no excuse for losing your mental way. He begins with the stones themselves, settles where they come from, describes their general design and particular arrangement, and puts us straight about the alignment of the axis of the structure with the midsummer solstice. He then gives a *résumé* of the famous azimuth calculations of Sir Norman Lockyer for arriving at the proximate date of Stonehenge—1840 B.C., with an allowance of 200 years earlier or later for minor errors of reckoning. Follow the geology, mineralogy, and physical characters of the stones themselves, sarsens and blue or foreign stones, whose original habitat Mr. Stone practically proves to be the Preseli Mountains of Pembrokeshire. He then turns engineer and gives a convincing exposition of how the stones were quarried, transported, and dressed, and explains the mode of their erection. Lastly, he examines the outworks of Stonehenge, the four stations, the Avenue, the Slaughter and Heel Stones, &c., and puts the finishing strokes to his own masonry of so vexed a subject-matter. The book is a model of lucidity, and one observes the expert moving in his own precisely realized world with all the admiration—and even awe—he deserves.

And there we stop. Though Mr. Stone does launch his well-timbered keel upon the dangerous waters of inference, you would never guess from his pages that it had ever occurred to anybody to ask—what was the meaning of Stonehenge ; where, if any, was its origin ; what manner of men were its builders, and what ideas were in their heads ; why did the men of old set up megaliths, and what clue does Stonehenge give to the structure of that antique society ? Without such questions Stonehenge is less interesting than the orange lichens smeared over its blocks. But between history and archeology there is a great gulf fixed. What about the suggestion that Stonehenge was a "temple," constructed by some people (such as the Phoenicians) who were engaged in mining and similar activities in Britain—a civilized community which had evolved a highly elaborate mythology which has been properly studied in relation to megaliths ? Does the Book of Ezekiel point the way to the solution of Stonehenge ? Mr. Stone would perhaps smile tolerantly and drop the poor little suggestion into limbo. I mention Phoenicia merely because these Armenian Semites were the principal carriers of civilization in Europe at this date. I make no point about it, but I suggest that a general perspective of the history of Western Europe at the beginning of the Bronze Age—when the semi-divine "culture-heroes" of the Mediterranean were permeating Europe and revealing their presence in a solar cult, the bronze dagger, the round barrow, and the corbelled bee-hive graves of New Grange and the Orkneys—can only leave Stonehenge out of it at the price of a devastating provincialism. Mr. Stone rejects the theory that the building of Stonehenge was contemporary with the early Bronze Age, partly on the ground that the stain of malachite (carbonate of copper) found in the excavations is relatively unimportant. Late "Neolithic" is his ascription. But, however small the stain, it cannot thus be rubbed away. Since he ignores all questions of derivation for the megalithic cult, Mr. Stone must also ignore the fact that the use of bronze was sparse, since it was strictly confined to the ruling class. In the same way, Mr. Stone repudiates, on purely technical points capable of a different interpretation from his own, the association between Stonehenge and the round barrows. By ethnological data, megaliths and barrows cannot be dissociated. Again, he assumes in the most arbitrary fashion that the blue stones were carried off from Pembrokeshire by an armed invasion, and quotes the Celtic legend about Merlin and Ambrosius. The extreme improbability of this is only revealed by the historical method, and Mr. Stone has accepted (apparently) the legend without sifting it, a fault natural perhaps to the pure archeologist. If, at the same time, we accept his more

conservative inferences and apply them to our historical material, we find that he is making a very strong case for a foreign occupation of Salisbury Plain, which he would declare to be no concern of his because archeology is a specialized science in itself. It is doubtful whether the true bearings of a distant object can ever be obtained by shutting one eye to it.

Mr. Stevens's booklet is, if I remember rightly, the guide-book usually sold to visitors to the "Stones," revised and brought up to date so as to include the results of the more recent excavations. Like Mr. Stone's work, it is largely a surveying manual, packed into closer compass, and substantially in agreement with its principal findings. But it is looser in subject-matter, less cautious in inference, and so at once nearer to, and further away from, the London University school of the diffusion of culture, which it also entirely ignores. The results of this blank attitude are curious and interesting. On the one hand, we have a restatement of the old discredited evolutionary position as to the development of the Bronze Age culture from that of Neolithic "primitives," pastoral nomads who were apparently responsible for Avebury, the largest megalithic structure in Europe. On the other, we have a series of data founded on exact observation which are in direct opposition to the evolutionary idea. The pernicious misapplication of Darwinism to human cultures, and the adoption of Tylor's views of "psychic unity" in their origin, without any reference to his admission of the facts of culture-degradation, have played such havoc with British archeology that the sound, if tentative, views of the students of the seventies have been quite lost. As surveying documents in the technical sense, both these volumes are admirable ; as lights to lighten the darkness of the past, it is no exaggeration to say that they are quite valueless.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

ART BOOKS.

The Art of Henri Fantin-Latour : his Life and Works. By FRANK GIBSON. (Drane, 21s.)

A Catalogue of the Pictures at Elton Hall. By TANCRED BORENIUS and the Rev. J. V. HODGSON. (The Medici Society. £5 5s.)

HENRI FANTIN-LATOUR is chiefly known, in this country at any rate, for his flower paintings. Justly so, we think, for these represent probably the best and certainly the most attractive side of his work. He was not a really great artist : when his work is most interesting, the interest comes not from the painting, nor from the design, nor from the personality of the artist, but is a perfectly external "literary" quality. Skilful he was, but without imagination, without understanding of the purely artistic side of his business. This applies just as much to the flower paintings as to the rest of his work, except that in the former he seems to have had more real sympathy with the subject and more sense of its pictorial possibilities. But the sensation of pleasure they can give is more nearly akin to the pleasure produced by a well-arranged bunch of flowers than to the emotion which comes from the contemplation of a work of art. "How pretty the flowers are!" one thinks ; "how delicious the fruit!" Yet occasionally he achieves something beyond this ; the flowers and fruit are well arranged, not only in their vases and dishes, but in the picture. Sometimes the quality of his colour and texture is reminiscent of Chardin, by whom at moments he seems to have been much influenced. But the "literary" quality is always discernible in his work, most of all in those paintings and lithographs which he made under the direct suggestion of music—Wagnerian incidents, scenes from the operas of Berlioz, or allegorical effusions inspired by Schumann—which are pure illustration, and are full of sentiment and theatrical effectiveness. More interesting to us, but again chiefly on account of their subjects, are the portraits and the large portrait-groups, such as "Hommage à Delacroix," "L'Atelier aux Batignolles," "Le Coin de Table," "Autour du Piano," &c., which contain portraits of many of the eminent literary, artistic, and musical figures of the seventies and eighties—Manet, Whistler, Monet, Renoir, Zola, Baudelaire, Verlaine, Rimbaud, Vincent d'Indy. Mr. Gibson's book contains a very representative selection of illustrations, over sixty in number ; it is a pity that only one or two are in colour, for



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the flower and fruit pieces especially suffer from its absence. He gives an interesting account of Fantin-Latour's life and the circles in which he moved, with lists of his works in museums and other collections. With his criticisms, however, we cannot always agree.

The Medici Society's "Catalogue of the Pictures at Elton Hall" is very sumptuously produced and contains many excellent photogravure plates. Elton Hall, in Huntingdonshire, is the property of the Proby family; the large collection of pictures has been gradually acquired by its different members since about the middle of the seventeenth century, and was augmented by their inheritance of the late Lord Carysfort's collection in 1909. Mr. Granville Proby (son of the present owner, Col. Douglas James Proby) contributes a preface in which he gives a detailed history of the collection, and information as to the subjects of the portraits. Besides many of the latter, by Reynolds, Hoppner, Romney, &c., there are good examples of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and English schools. There is a fine Cesare da Sesto, "The Madonna of the Bas-Relief." The Luini "Boy with a Puzzle," also a well-known picture, was to be seen recently in a loan exhibition at Messrs. Agnew's. It is unfortunate that many of what seem to have been the most interesting pictures of the collection, including works by Poussin, Giorgione, &c., were sold in 1828 at absurdly low prices: their places were filled later with expensive paintings by Landseer, Millais, and Alma Tadema.

DEVON AND CORNWALL.

Cornish Silhouettes. By C. C. ROGERS. (Lane. 6s.)

The Cornish Coast and Moors. By A. G. FOLLIOTT-STOKES. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d.)

South Devon and South Cornwall. (Ward & Lock. 6s.)

MR. ROGERS has produced a pleasant book of unpretending stories about Cornish villagers, which in scope and content are exactly like what "Our Village" would have been had not something unaccountable happened to Miss Mitford and turned what should have been a village chronicle into a classic. The stories, that is to say, though simple and unexciting, are uniformly well told, and Mr. Rogers has a capacity for endowing his characters with a life that persists after the book has been put aside.

In spite, however, of the frequent appearance of aggressively Cornish names and the author's hint to the reader that "if there is any golden thread of continuity recurring through them, you will find it in that spirit of the wild West Country under whose unbroken spell these thoughts have been expressed," the stories might relate to any comparatively isolated community of persons living in rural England. There are two complaints to be made about Mr. Rogers. The first is that he breaks abruptly, sometimes almost eruptively, into spells of fine writing whenever he has to speak of the "wild West Country"; the second that, having told his story, he cannot resist a tendency to improve the occasion by moralizing. He is aware of this tendency and seems almost to apologize for it, but the fact remains that he has quite spoiled the effect of two excellent studies, "The Misers" and "The Smallness of Mrs. Engew," by the two or three pages of platitudinous homily on the attributes and the alleged designs of the Almighty with which he sees fit to conclude them. As for the fine writing, we can only suppose that Cornish scenery has gone to Mr. Rogers's head; at any rate, he seems to lose it when he descants on its beauties.

Mr. Folliott-Stokes suffers from the same trouble. He has followed the coastguard path that runs all the way round the coast of Cornwall, and has many interesting things to say about the natural scenery of the Cornish cliffs. Moreover, he has taken some excellent photographs, and knows his country intimately. All this is well enough, and if Mr. Folliott-Stokes would content himself with detailed record and observation, we should be well enough content with him. But when he sets himself to write at large about Nature in Cornwall, called in these moods the "Delectable Duchy," he is very trying. He is ornate without beauty, and obscure without profundity; he dedicates his work "To all who feel the witchery of the West," and the West turns to tawdry and tinsel beneath his touch.

Unlike his style, his tastes are fundamentally, though conventionally, sound; he hates trippers, motor-cars, large hotels, and accredited beauty spots, and is fiercely jealous of his solitudes. The following is a typical outburst on Kynance Cove: "It is best seen during the winter months or by moonlight, when the visitors are playing bridge, or discussing each other's peculiarities in the lodgings and hotels of Lizard Town. Then one can forget the absurd names that have been given to these sea-worn rocks and caverns; forget that all this chiselled beauty is daily desecrated with the débris of picnics, and the inane laughter of the festive but non-appreciative tripper." Trite, of course, and undistinguished in expression, but showing that Mr. Stokes has the root of the matter in him.

The new volume in Messrs. Ward & Lock's series of Tourist Handbooks is a model of what this sort of guide should be. Originally compiled by Messrs. Ward and Baddeley, of Lakeland fame, and issued as a Baddeley guide, it has now run into its ninth edition and been reissued by Messrs. Ward & Lock. It is clear, concise, well-mapped, easily handled, and encyclopedic. The very full and complete information which it provides on all manner of subjects is readily accessible, and there are a number of separate sections on geology, golf, and lighthouses, which, if they are as good as the one on fishing, are very good indeed. Most important of all, the writers can describe the scenery, even the Dartmoor scenery, with decency and restraint. While the book is as full of information as the best of the Baedekers, the authors have managed to give it a definite character of its own, or rather of their own. In virtue of this character it achieves without loss of accuracy a greater degree of friendliness and intimacy than is permitted by the impersonal austerity of Baedeker, a friendliness which is particularly appropriate to the country with which it deals and which this country seems able to evoke.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Hannibal Crosses the Alps. By CECIL TORR. (Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d.)

Problems like this of the exact route which Hannibal took across the Alps in his descent upon Italy will never cease to fascinate many minds. Probably their insolubility adds to the fascination, for, where a problem is really insoluble, argument over it is eternally possible. Mr. Torr is widely known as the author of that entertaining series "Small Talk at Wreyland," in which he has already touched on the great controversy of Hannibal's pass. Here, in a small and beautifully produced book, he plunges deep into the problem. For he has a solution of his own to propound. He believes that the Carthaginian crossed the Alps by the Col de la Traversette. He gives his reasons, which are often ingenious; but we do not think that he has finally spoilt the game. There still remain the other passes, other arguments, and other conjectures.

* * *

The Philosophy of "As if." By H. VAIHINGER. Translated by C. R. OGDEN. (Kegan Paul. 25s.)

This book is a heavy and laborious analysis of the thought-processes involved in the fictions we make to help us find our way about the world. The subject is of enormous epistemological importance, and has been treated with almost painful thoroughness. Thought, according to Vaihinger, starts with sensation and aims at manipulation; on the way it experiences difficulties, and says, "Let us act 'as if' things were so and so." Whereas such procedure is recognized as legitimate and proper in many situations of everyday life, there are cases where the "as if" has overstepped the boundaries of mere practicality, and other cases, such as psycho-analysis, where critics are unable to recognize fictional constructs, and accuse those who use them of misinterpreting nature.

* * *

Plato: Euthyphro, Apology, and Crito. Edited with Notes by JOHN BURNET. (Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.)

Mr. Burnet, whose edition of the "Phædo" is well known, now produces a complementary volume in which he has edited the three other dialogues which are immediately concerned with the last days of Socrates. Mr. Burnet's critical notes are admirably concise and illuminating, but he is not merely concerned with grammar, syntax, and

language. His notes on the history and persons connected with the dialogues are extremely interesting. He is particularly good in his discussions of the teaching of the historical Socrates and his position in Hellas as a teacher at the time of his death. An excellent example of his conciseness and soundness of judgment is to be found in the few pages in which he discusses how far the "Apology" can be regarded as a historical document.

* * *

Etruria and Rome. By R. A. L. FELL (Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d.)

Mr. Fell's essay won the Thirlwall Prize in 1923, and, unlike many prize essays, was well worth publishing. The rise and fall of the Etruscan power in Italy presents problems of the greatest historical interest which have given rise to acute controversy. A book like this, in which the facts and theories are reviewed with real knowledge, sound scholarship, and good judgment, is extremely useful. Mr. Fell begins by considering the origin of the Etruscans, and, while he gives an impartial account of the evidence and rival theories, is himself inclined to accept the working hypothesis that they came as invaders from Asia Minor about 850 B.C., and settled on the west coast of Italy north of the Tiber. He then gives an admirable account of their civilization, of their relations with Rome and the period of their supremacy, and finally of their decline and conquest.

* * *

Conscious Auto-Suggestion. By EMILE COUÉ and J. LOUIS ORTON. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

This is a plain, straightforward, fairly detailed account of Couéism from the practical point of view of how to practise it. The reader is instructed in the art of auto-suggestion, but the book is in large part intended for exponents who are to use the Coué system upon patients. There are instructions as to the exponent's manner, the formulae of suggestions, experiments; there are chapters upon Couéism and diet, upon maternity, the training of children, &c.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THREE articles on Reparations and the London Conference in the "Contemporary Review," three in the "Fortnightly," a long notice in the "Round Table," and several paragraphs in the "Empire" and "English" Reviews. With three exceptions, all are congratulatory. We have experienced too many conferences for it to be surprising that no note of extravagant joy is sounded; instead we are thankful that it is possible for the well-informed to be hopeful.

The "Round Table" concludes an article touching on the main points of the settlement with a warning on the clause concerning the putting into force of sanctions: "But it is well to point out that wilful default, in a form not open to dispute, may conceivably occur at some future date, and that if it does occur, the British Empire may have to choose between taking part in sanctions, or breaking a moral engagement." Mr. J. A. Hobson in the "Contemporary Review" discusses "The Economics of the Dawes Plan," and in the same paper Mr. W. L. Middleton studies the change in the French attitude. In the "Fortnightly," Mr. Hugh Spender gives an account of the fluctuations of hope and despair in the course of the Conference, and Mr. George Glasgow ("Contemporary Review") does the same thing in greater detail. It makes extremely interesting reading, even apart from the political issue. A "last chance" atmosphere seems to have prevailed from the outset, and delegates, with only one or two exceptions, seem to have been on their honour not to wreck any hope of conciliation. Mr. Glasgow writes that, after the acceptance by the French of an American mediator to the Reparations Commission, "the course of the Conference during the next three days represented a spectacle such as we have not seen since 1919. The competition between the several delegations appeared to be directed not towards scoring points in antagonistic policies, but towards displaying goodwill and accommodation." This feeling of "goodwill, *bonne foi*, mutual trust, confidence, &c., &c.," apparently amuses, while it does not convince, the writer of

Current Comments in the "English Review." The same paper publishes the Remarks on Security submitted to the Peace Conference by Marshal Foch. "Augur," in the "Fortnightly," is concerned mainly to demolish the reputation of M. Herriot. Poincaré! Ah, there was a man! But the main attribute of M. Herriot appears to be "flabbiness." Mr. John Bell ("Fortnightly") has forgotten that, ostensibly at least, we did not fight the war in order to abolish German trade. The "Empire Review" heads a paragraph on the continued occupation of the Ruhr: "Penal Servitude for a Year," and shares the sentiment of Mr. Glasgow ("Contemporary"), who writes: "There is nothing to be gained perhaps in dwelling too much on the dangers inherent in the continued military occupation of the Ruhr for another monstrous twelve months; but wise men, of course, are constrained to postpone their congratulations for precisely that period."

The present and the future position of India is the subject of articles in the "Round Table," "The Economic and Social Aspirations of the Indian Nationalists"; in the "Empire Review," "The Service of India," by the Hon. H. A. L. Fisher; and the "Contemporary Review," "An Indian Parent to his Son in England," by S. R. Das, Advocate-General of Bengal. The "Contemporary Review" prints also "Europe, 1890-1898," a brief discussion of the recently published German diplomatic documents by Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, an article on the relations between the German Parliament and people by "O. de L." and "Land Settlements round Vienna" by Aline Atherton-Smith. The "English Review" has a long article on "The Agrarian Question in Russia, Before and After the Revolution," by Count Kokovtsoff. Mr. Dudley Heathcote ("Fortnightly") in "The Problem of Croatia" gives some interesting details about the leader of the Croat peasant party.

In the "Empire Review" Mr. Desmond MacCarthy makes some remarkably acute comments on the genius of Joseph Conrad. It is rare for the duty articles which must be produced at such a time to contain anything so penetrating. "Above all, we were given those descriptions of scenes and places which create in us such a strange sense of expectancy. . . . That I believe to be his master faculty as an imaginative writer—the strange power of evoking a scene, a gesture, or the confrontation of two people, so that the moment seems charged with all the significance of what is to come." With an allusiveness characteristic of the magazine, the "Adelphi" obituary article passes lightly from Joseph Conrad to an indictment of Cowes Week. "And what," demands "The Journeyman," "has Cowes Week, that assembly of white duck trousers, pea jackets, and toys, to do with us?" What, indeed? In the same paper Mr. D. H. Lawrence writes "On Being a Man," and Mr. Middleton Murry on "Lost Secrets," while Mr. Robert Graves explains, in a rhymed letter to Edith Sitwell, the emotions aroused in him by a debate on the trend of modern poetry.

Mr. W. B. Yeats writes in the "London Mercury" a description of his visit to Stockholm to receive the Nobel award. Mr. G. S. Street has a short story "The Call of the Past," and there are several pages of poetry. The "Cornhill" prints an interesting article by Mr. C. K. Allen on "The Phlegmatic Englishman in the Common Law." Women, while suffering many disadvantages in law, have, according to Mr. Allen, a few advantages. A French maid who had been told, falsely, that her lover was a German spy "sustained a severe shock and became incapacitated from following her employment, and suffered from neurasthenia, shingles, and other ailments; and recovered damages. It may well be doubted whether, if John Styles had been the plaintiff, and had been falsely told that his wife had met with an accident, the law would have considered it a natural and probable result that he should take to his bed."

There are some good articles, intelligible to an outsider, in this month's "Architecture." "Signs—and the Times" is especially valuable, expressing the views of an expert on something which most people have felt to be an intolerable nuisance. "Our architects are blamed for not producing architecture, but the disfigurement we tolerate on our existing buildings must surely deter many a true artist in the profession from creating an architectural Galatea, lest modern commerce seize upon her shapely form and use her as a sandwich man."

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